The Visit of Apollo

WILLIAM NOBLE ROUNDY

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The Visit of Apollo

This bit of a book is a tale of the times, depicted in simple and readable rhymes which the Author declares (and every one knows) are almost as classic as every-day prose. Moreover it is in a sub rosa way, tolerably good and passably gay. Now if you're not looking for what is correct,—I mean that preciseness some people affect,—you may run across what you would never expect. For I tell you all now, to avoid a surprise, this tale touches everything under the skies. It says a few things that seem to be needed, but to know what they are, now alas, you must read it.

Set forth in Chicago,—a suburb of Heaven,
This December the 12th nineteen hundred & seven

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DEDICATION

TO

JANE ADDAMS

OF

HULL HOUSE, CHICAGO

AND

HER CO-LABORERS

throughout the world who are aiding the Cause of Humanity
by having faith in it,

This little book

is

Respectfully Dedicated.

Canto I.

CANTO I.

Last Autumn while having a sociable time,
Mid the rustle of leaves and the smell of the thyme,—
Far out in the woods where the dryads still croon
Their happiest rhythm and merriest tune,
I was suddenly roused by the sound of a tread
In the forest path lying a little ahead.
Scarce a minute elapsed until within view,
Came Apollo, Athena, and wee Cupid, too.
With a swinging step onward they came with an air
Of such freedom and health and of joy that's so rare,
That I stopped on the trail and with eyes opened wide,
Stood admiring their mold and magnificent stride.
For each was imbued with the limitless wealth
Of a full and a perfect original health;
They seemed to be strangers to weakness and woes;
To Cares and all burdens,—inclusive of clothes.

Their limbs were so free and their faces so fine,
I said, "I don't wonder men call you divine;
It is plain to be seen that you were all born,
When Life was a Joy and when Day was at morn:
I am glad to have met you for now I can see
What the Lord first intended all mortals to be."
"Why thanks," said Apollo, "your praises exceed
All measure of what our deserts are, indeed.
Yet you mean them all well and being well meant,
I accept them with joy for your gracious intent.
Now, sir," said Apollo, "I first will make known
Why we three are here. We have come to yon town
To look it all over, where-e'er 'tis allowed of,—
To size up this world that we once were so proud of,—
And investigate things. Our reason? This is it;
We've decided to make them an annual visit,
That is, if there's anything well within reach,
Which they're willing to learn and we're able to teach.
Now as I am strange to their customs and ways,

I will need a good guide, sir, for several days."
I replied: "I was eleven years old to a day
When I first saw Chicago; and though I must say
There are things in that city no mortal has guessed,
I will show you around, and I promise my best."
Said Apollo; "I thank you. Now let us set out,"
Whereupon little Cupid began so to pout
That Apollo said, "Well?" "Don't let us go nearer,"
Cried Cupid, "at least until it is clearer
What this city is like. We may be confounded:
When I've hit city folks, all my arrows rebounded."
Said Apollo; "Your tremors I ought to have known;
You stay with Athena. I will venture alone."
I turned to Athena, but calmly, serenely,
She bowed with a nod in manner most queenly,
Though Cupid was gay in his way as the birds,
Athena seemed a woman of very few words.
Then forth to the lake as we wended us down,
We left the green woods for the streets of the town.

2.

By the side of the lake the great city lies,
Its features turned up to the light of the skies;
Its heart to the Earth and its broad sturdy hand
Stretched out for the wealth of a limitless land:
Overshadowed by discords, grim, lurid and grey;
Immersed in the throes of a frantical fray,
All youthful and hopeful and buoyant and strong,
It bends toward the notes of a mystical song;
It leans in the midst of heroical pains
To the unseen and unknown but inspiring refrains,
Which shall bring it in time through their nobler tone,
To the thrill of a life that it never has known:

3.

Thus onward we traveled, Apollo and I,
To see great Chicago, the pride of my eye;
Or rather which will be when given a chance

To learn from its artists how best to advance,—
To discover the solemn, pathetic and funny
Fact there are greater things even than money.
We passed Lincoln Park, along the lake shore,—
Struck onto the driveway, and now more and more
Apollo had looks in which there was blent
Aversion with mental admiring content.
Was it strange I gazed on with a natural pride?
The lake stretched to eastward; to westward the tide
Of Humanity rolled down a street fair and wide;
While facing to where morning sunbeams must shine,
Rose one after one mansions stately and fine
As ever, O Athens, could of old have been thine!
While others of granite stood, each one a home
Such as might have embellished imperial Rome.
As some of the larger ones came into view,—
Potter Palmer's, for instance—why even so too,
Came speech from Apollo; "Well, now, I declare,
You folks make a town look amazingly fair.

One fact though I doubt of,—that is to say whether
You people should all be so huddled together.
For crowds are not healthy; with acres to spare,
Men ought to be having more sunshine and air.
Now why, I would ask you, when land is so plenty
Do you pinch up your houses on lots five and twenty:
Where only the front and the rear can be seen,
There being no spaces for light in between?"
"But Apollo," I cried, "you don't understand;
One thousand per foot is the price of this land."
For a minute Apollo seemed gasping for speech;
We looked at each other, each facing to each,
Then Apollo exclaimed, "When Indians were here,
Did this land used to be so frightfully dear?"
"O no," I replied, "It was awfully cheap,"
"Then why," said Apollo, "didn't your officers keep
A part of these acres whose value was made
By the coming of people for the popular aid?—
Remember a person means little to Fate,

But the cause of the many is the cause of the State,
Since apart from the many, no state can be great."
I answered,—"It is one of our regular rules,
To keep in each Township one section for schools,"
Then calmly, and mildly but firmly quoth I:
"It will all, Dear Apollo, be clear bye and bye."
"I trust so," Apollo said vaguely to me,
"For I will confess I am all out at sea.
Yet I notice one healthy and rollicking sign,—
And that is the number of babes, I opine,
Which these roomy roofs shelter. I frankly will say,
It is babies who keep nations wholesome and gay,"—
As Apollo flashed on me a smile of approval,
I said to myself, "How can I remove all
These notions of his which I see will be hurled
Against our most innocent, up-to-date world?
"Apollo," said I, "it will shock you no doubt,
But some of these roofs never heard a child shout,"
"Then what were they built for?" I replied, "I refrain

From combating your denseness nor will I explain
These things whose explainings would all be in vain.
But I trust your perceptions and hope you will see
Facts clearer in time as they now ought to be."
However, Apollo would not be subdued,—
"Nature builds all her nests to the size of the brood;
You don't mean to tell me"—"Apollo," said I,
"I cannot and will not explain every why
Which troubles your mind. Time will chase them away.
But this you should think of,—which I earnestly pray—
You're in one of the mightiest cities today!
Look around you and marvel," Then meekly, indeed,
Said Apollo:—"Excuse me. Come, let us proceed."

4.

So on we proceeded for block after block
We saw not a thing to affright us or shock.
Very soon we arrived at a green little Park,

Where many glad children were having a lark,
While all sorts of men as well as gay wenches,
Were seated around on the pretty green benches.
"What's this?" said Apollo. "Dearborn Park," I replied;
"There is nothing I vow you shall be denied.
That is why I decided to casually vary
Your visit with sight of the most literary
Set of books in the town—the Newberry Library."
"Now this," I exclaimed, "is the best in the city,"
Said Apollo, "Pray give to your city my pity:
I wish I was where I could show you a sample
Of a genuine old fashioned real Grecian Temple.
Though your zeal for your fellows seems brightly to burn,
Of the meaning of Beauty, you've a few things to learn."

5.

Leaving the Library and crossing the Square,
Once again we drank in the Lake Michigan air.
Two handsome stone churches were facing across:—

"Why two?" asked Apollo, "Now I'm at a loss:
Isn't one church enough for one neighborly place?"
"Well you see," I replied with the soberest face,
"They have separate creeds and a different name."
"And their God, I presume, then isn't the same;
O I see," said Apollo. "No! No!"—I exclaimed;
"They have separate creeds and are differently named,
Because their great founders couldn't agree
As to just what some minor details ought to be;
But in all of our churches our God is one God."
"How strange," said Apollo, "how curious and odd!
I don't understand your distinctions and strictures;
You worship one God but make various pictures."
In my solemnest tone and also my blandest,
I replied; "We're all right but you must understand us."

6.

As we went down the street, in manner most breezy,
Apollo said; "Well some puzzles aren't easy."

Soon after, a building both lofty and stately
Arose straight ahead; 'twas erected but lately.
Said he: "What giraffical structure is that?"
Said I: "That's an uptodate, modern, steam-heated flat."—
Then I went on to give a glowing description
Of this sociable, civical, cash benediction,
Which is aiding investors to keep the conviction,
That money still talks with its olden time diction.
As soon as I ended, Apollo said; "Well,
What people will think of one never can tell;
I would almost prefer the dungeons of Rome
To living in that place and calling it home.
Though doubtless convenient enough as a tomb,
A live man requires rather more elbow room;
For quiet old people, it might be well, maybe;
But goodness! to think of that place for a baby."

New topics are needed both for variety,
As well as to shun unpleasant satiety,

So here we turned into the Historical Society:—
"Now, my friend, you will see," said I with sedateness,
"From what small beginnings we rose to our greatness."
I explained to Apollo all the virtues of those,
Who rescued our land from the grip of its foes;
He wondered indeed, that many a farmer
Not only had fought but had fought without armor.
He listened and seemed to be vastly impressed,
Then remarked: "You surely were bountifully blessed.
No wonder you managed to fight and be free
When led by the men whose faces I see,
Imbued with the love of pure liberty.
When all has been seen and all has been told,
'Tis clear that sheer heroes of generous mold
Upbuilded your land in those eras of old.
Even those who were rich had the chivalrous grace,
To offer their lives at the call of their race."
I related some tales of the old Black Hawk war,
Informing Apollo what the fighting was for:

Then he quietly said: "They were brave and undaunted,
But, alas, they possessed the land that you wanted.
And finding them overly happy and frisky,
You gave them your company, bullets and whiskey.
Well, I'm sure that this Universe evermore meant
Mere Justice at least. When your first strength is spent,
You all will go, also, the way that they went."
After Indian relics I proceeded to show
How Chicago once looked in the great long ago.
Apollo exclaimed, "You seem to be losing
Some of the grace of your earlier choosing;
That natural beauty God gave you for using."
Inquiring what next he was eager to know,
He looked at Fort Dearborn and said; "Let us go."

7.

From over the Northside we crossed to the West,
Just over the river where it must be confessed,
One can see the worst side as well as the best.

As young men will temper their blossoming youth
With an actual sight of the literal truth;
Or rather the dwarfings of truth I should say,
Truth hid in the twilight away from the day,
Which taunts the glad sun until all things look gray,
So Apollo insisted that all must be seen,—
The ugly and gray sights as well as the green:—
Although as a fact he casually admitted
That some might be scanted a bit or omitted.
I said there were some very sad things about us,—
About modern life,—to make critics doubt us,
Unless they could pierce to the roots of our being,
And rightly explain the grim facts they were seeming;
"Yet even when seen," then I added, "I fear
Their existence will neither be hopeful nor clear."
"Yes! I've often observed that sightseers must bring
Clear eyes and keen minds to measure the thing
Which lies right before them," said Apollo, "Now I
Cannot promise to see but at least I will try."

8.

Then sauntering westward along a gray street,
We watched and kept watching the patter of feet,
The few feet too slow mid the many too fleet.
There were all sorts of people; some seeming to be
Mere chips on the tide of a vast human sea;
Pale women with shawls thrown over their head;
Weak children whose youth had long ago fled;
Men shrinking or ambling aimlessly by,
Not caring to live, and yet fearing to die,—
Humanity's ravellings in mockery thrown
Far and wide on the tide that rushed evermore on.
Yes each one possessed of a heart and a soul,
Interwoven perforce through the warp of the whole.

We passed by saloons where the strident refrain
Of a hard hollow music seemed to hit on the brain,
Like noises that rose from the world of despair,—
A mocking weird ghost of a something once fair;

Soon we saw near at hand a beautiful child,
Who in spite of a trace of the rough and the wild,
Had features upon which the angels had smiled.
She was like a white cloud in the midst of a blur,—
A glimmer of joy in that tumult and whirr.
Where the shriek of mad sounds with their devilish scream
Made up an infernal inferno-like dream.
Apollo was silent save the sound of his tread;
He wondered and pondered and finally said;—
"What's become of your trees? Are all of them dead?
And where is the grass and the flowers and the song
Of the birds? Something round here is awfully wrong.
Though men may forget mid their strenuous strife,
Yet a feeling for Beauty is the source of man's life.
But everything here looks so cheerless and bare,
'Tis enough to drive people to drink or despair."
"O but look," I exclaimed, "at that ten story there;—
We call that a factory. There they make shoes and keep
Simply thousands of pair,—that is why they're so cheap."

Just here it so happened that not far away,
A mechanic was coming from his work for the day.
He looked rather weary and I must admit
That his torn shoes were poor and a very poor fit.
I hoped that Apollo somehow wouldn't see,
But no! in a flash, he had turned unto me,
And then in that simple, ingenuous style
By which little children make grown people smile,
Said he:—"I don't see what you folkses are at
To let working people go ragged like that."

"But, Dearest Apollo, don't you know,—can't you see,—
That this is a country that,—well, that is free?
Each one has a chance both to earn and enjoy.
You can't treat a man as you would a small boy.
True Freedom is something far more than a toy;
It is something far higher in palace or gutter
Than feeding on pie or on good bread and butter.
Whoever has freedom and starts to abuse it,

By failing to value it rightly and use it,
Will surely and certainly pawn it and lose it.
For Freedom has never yet put a Fool's cap
Upon her strong children; or fed them with pap,
Or soothed them with sweetmeats on some fair Nurse's lap.
Freedom's training is hardy and Freedom still mocks
Luxurious living from her home mid the rocks.
Freedom's task is to break each tyrannical ban,—
Then to let every man do the best that he can.
Here, in limits, I tell you each does as he pleases."
"Even if" quoth Apollo, "the luckless one freezes."
"Exactly," said I "for whatever's not wise,
Whether plant, beast or man inevitably dies.
Modern Science will tell you that Nature is grim,
And won't turn aside for a man or a whim."

"Nature, grim?" said Apollo, "Yes, if you belie her;
Or if you maliciously flout and defy her;
But to those who will love her, who is more tender?

Who is more gracious, more eager to send her
Joys and her blessings, her balms and her splendor,
Who teaches more Wisdom? Who is swifter to woo,
With buds bright as sunlight and pure as the blue?
With birds that keep singing, Friends, how do ye do?
With soft gurgling streams that still whisper and coo,
Round the willow-fringed coves when the springtime is new.

Who is there more careful to save and to keep?
And who is more buoyant to frisk and to leap,—
To gladden your pulses by many a thrill
Like the dashing of foam down a rippling rill?
Who makes all the Universe sparkle and shine
With a lambent delight of a fire that's divine,
Mysteriously dropped from some world far above,
The subtle and unseen pure lightening of love?
It is Nature who brings it,—and Nature alone,
This ever Unseen and this ever Unknown.
Now if you will lift your face up to the sky,

You will find Nature's moods ever noble and high.
Nay even in winter 'gainst tempest and storm,
Nature knows how to warn you and also to warm.
For when the cold winds start to bluster and blow,
Nature covers her earth with a mantle of snow.
You must love her whole-hearted; loyalty lingers,
When timidly given at the tips of the fingers."
"You are all right in theory," then promptly quoth I,
"But the fact is the poor and the weakly must die:
At least in a city where folks merely feed,
Their vanities into the gristmill of Greed."
He mused for a space; was silent a minute,
Then asked with a look that had thunders wrapped in it:—
"In event of a war, would you take in your ranks
A poor man like that?" "O yes and with thanks!
We would give him a uniform, likewise a gun,
And pay him each month, no matter what's done;
From the time he enlists, every soldier draws pay."
"You pay him when idle, doing naught for a day?"

"To be sure every soldier enlists first to do,
Then to perish if need be for the Red, White and Blue,"
Full loud laughed Apollo; "What curious views!
When alive and at work, you grudge a man shoes,
But when clothed as a soldier, though idle he stand,
You will bring him a share of the fat of the land."

"Nay," I protested, "all the people would grow
Most shiftless if once they were pampered up so,
By giving them shoes when their purses were low.
To retain independence every person must spurn
Every dollar he does not manfully earn."
"Alas," said Apollo, "What a life of disgrace
Your soldiers must lead when, with nothing to face,
They still are aware all provisions they get
Are produced by somebody's labor and sweat,
To whom they may never,—though their honor may burn,—
Succeed in presenting the slightest return.
Moreover I see why the well-to-do classes,

Whose sons go to colleges built for the masses,
Must educate many a graceless young whelp
By giving too much of such pampering help,
Instead of bequeathing that manlier mien,
Which comes of beginning your work at fourteen.
Though rich people's offspring are not really giftless,
I perceive that they must be most awfully shiftless."

"Nay," I replied, "in this great splendid city full
Of civilized folks how can you be critical?

My dearest Apollo, it were vain to discuss
How little you seem to appreciate us.
I suppose you have had but few chances to see
What a real live civilized city can be?"

"You are right," said Apollo, "Now after I don
This Mantle of Charity, let us go on."

9.

Slowly up rose the town where two millions of men
Live and hope; strive and die in palace and den:
The blue sky above us grew black and more black;
The buildings grew taller; the byways more slack;
The streets grew more stony; the structures more strong,
While amid all the ever increasing vast throng
Was no sight of a tree and no sound of a song;
Beside whizzed the trolleys; around rose the screams
Of hurrying wagons and coaches and teams,
While now and again flashed by the rear wheels,
Of the silent, on-gliding gay automobiles.
Though scarce five o'clock it was dusky as night;
Above shone the twinkle of many a light;
Around in a circle and gleaming afar,
There glimmered bright lights, each a twinkling star,
While loud rose the babble of sounds like the roar
Of storm waves that beat on a rocky bound shore.

Soon after we chanced to be sauntering down,
A side street. Suddenly, cautiously curtains were drawn,
While between latticed windows, some women looked on:—

One face, then another, whose paint seemed to fail
To cover complexions, seamed, ghastly and pale.
Then back of the women rose a laughing girl's face,
Enticing, alluring, with Circean grace.
While hoping Apollo wouldn't happen to see,
Lo, his face like a flash was turned promptly to me:—

"What women are those?" he inquired with a frown;
"Why you know,—now you see,—they are girls of the town."
"Dare you tell me that women with feminine arts
Will woo men to love with no love in their hearts?
And that men will accept such a wooing as this?—
Great God, what a world!"—his words seemed to hiss;
His eyes seemed to burn. Then turning away,
I looked at the sky: there was nothing to say.

While trying to think of a sane explanation,
We came to Desplaines Street and to its famed Station;
Remembering the Haymarket riot with awe,
We entered a minute and soon after saw
The everyday workings of every day law.
Though the eyes of the judges were kindly and bright;
The walls seemed to mutter; "Might is Right, Might is Right!"
While the eyes of the culprits seemed to blink at the light;
And many when asked by the judge for their name,
Would answer him faintly in veriest shame,
As if some pollution abroad in the air,
Would stain it forever if once uttered there.

Apollo said nothing except to ask shortly,
Why all our policemen all grow up so portly.
Though he didn't insinuate duties were shirked,
He declared he was certain that few overworked.

The daylight had fallen, now more and more grimly,
The atmosphere darkened, looking more and more dimly.

As back over Randolph Street bridge passing slowly,
We saw the gray gloom like a vestiture holy
Wrap around the great city up into its arms,
Protecting all peoples and things from all harms,
Shutting out with its vagueness the rude, ugly glare
Of objects discordant, unpleasant and bare.

Like a valley immersed in the Morning's gray mist,—
Like a peak that by Sunbeams as yet is unkissed,—
Mysterious, solemn, with a half shadowed face,
That is wreathed in an unseen but magical grace,
Filled with wonderment through which the twinkling lights
Are sending stray hintings of subtile delights,
Whence a myriad rhythms again and again,
Break onto the ear with one mighty refrain,
Which like chords of weird music instinctively wooed,
The mind and the heart to a worshipping mood:—
So seemed Evening's beauty; and yet I knew well,

That night in a city opes the portals of hell,
To revelry, such as nobody dares tell.

Yet Apollo I saw with a gleesome surprise
Was drinking quite everything in with his eyes:—
In particular, all things of beauteous guise:
Like a ruddy faced countryman just come to town,
Everything was pure glory and he drank it all down.
The vagueness and beauty and dimness of night,
Seemed to fill him and thrill him with speechless delight.
Around was the dusk; below was the stream;
Above shone the stars like the lights of a dream:
Here and there in the river little moving sparks ran,
As swift as new thoughts through the mind of a man.
While the great ships at anchor seemed to whisper and say:—
Just a little while longer, friends, have we to stay:
At dawn we will loose forth our sails and away!

10.

Like the swarming of bees or of stock on a farm,
Now down from the buildings came swarm after swarm,—
Of toilers whose energy hour after hour,
Uprears this great city's splendor and power,—
Their hours being long; their vacations but brief,
Each springs from his task with a sigh of relief.
Now each one puts on a new vigor and vim;
Hasn't life and fresh air waited all day for him?
(There are none to whom voices of field and of valley
Will call as to those who are chained to a galley;)

Down the street now is coming the sound of new laughter;
The cash girls and boys are scurrying after:
But most of the young men and maids to be seen,
Are somewhere around the fair age of eighteen,
A few by the cub-stone still linger and hover,
Awaiting some girl friend or sister or lover;

But the many start off to ride or to roam
To that big or that small place they designate—Home!

Home needn't be large. Home is simply a place
Where some one is waiting with a smile on their face:
Where hope and where faith breathe an air of pure joy;
Where living means love without passion's alloy!
Where harmony, gladness and kindness unite
In filling a corner of earth with delight;
Where goodness succeeds for a moment or two,
In making all things become honest and true;
Where music entwines its lingering refrains,
Like the perfume of flowers and the patter of rains:
Home is where the affections conspire to redeem
The rude facts of life by the grace of a dream.

Like a host one by one they came into view;
Full many were there whom I very well knew:—

First, the Typewriter Girl, with her air of elation,
Made of two parts sheer duty and one part flirtation,—
And with clothes rather gay for a work-a-day station;
She trips gaily onward with a wide-awake mien,
As if she was eager to let it be seen,
That she don't propose to become a machine.
There were rings on her fingers; a tilt on her nose,
As if she were looking for one of her beaux.

It was plain to be seen as we saw her repass,
That the Typewriter Girl is a good-natured lass.
Yet a maid who is also like numerous others,
Who ought to be home assisting their mothers.

How sweet she can be, it were needless to tell;
Too many lone wives know that story too well.

Here the Book-keeper comes whose pallid face seems
To say that he once had quite other dreams

Than filling good paper with figures by reams.
Around his trim features there shineth a look,
As clean and as neat as a page of his book.
He buttons his coat round his body with care,
As if half afraid of the chill of the air.
For even as he is aware that his fate,
Is to keep his firm's business entanglements straight,
So likewise he knows that no sickness or sorrow
Must prevent him reporting for work on the morrow.
He starts from the store with a dubious tread,
As if human life was a something half dead.
But either fresh air or the thought of his wife,
Quickly makes him remember the pleasures of life.
The farther he goeth, he goeth more gay,
On his happy and eager, glad home-coming way.

Now the Clerk strideth bye, his age as I guess,
Some twenty-three years or possibly less;

His eyes are on fire while his face fairly glows
With an up-to-date air like his orthodox clothes;
His tie is the latest; his collar the neatest;
His Derby the best and his shoes are the fleetest.
As he hurries along every once in a while
He bows to some girl with his bachelor's smile;
The way the maids take it, makes him naturally wear
A very self confident masterful air.
He can work like a wolf, yet he cannot but hate
The slow plodding methods that make a man wait
For the chance to do something:—let alone to be great.

Yet our clerk if he lets gambling houses alone
Will some day be boss of a store of his own.

The Board of Trade Broker comes now with an air,
As if he feared nothing, not a Bull nor a Bear;

His features are rotund in which there is blent
A restless alertness with a placid content.
His costume is simple save a diamond that glows
In a ring on his finger and another that throws
Its light from his bosom all over his clothes.
A jolly good fellow he is as a rule,
Not a bit of a Puritan; seldom a fool.
Save where he breaks into a sudden blind-pool.
Just a little too eager he is to be great,
To acquire a sudden and extensive estate.
Without seeing first that the business is straight.
What he gets he spends freely on all sorts of joys,
And always and ever he is one of the boys.

A Banker passed by,—a great man of the hour,
Who knows very well that mere money is power,
By whose favor all daily things totter or tower;

His study of currency makes him confess,
There is little worth having in life but success.
He goes to Church Sundays because he feels sure
That it must be distressing to be really poor;
So he gives to all charities all that he can
Lamenting meanwhile the imprudence of man.

In the meantime we listened, we could not but choose,—
To the regular cry of,—News here! Evening News!
Lo, out of these shrill cries of business-like joys,
Came a scampering host of ferret-eyed boys;
Wild as hawks, and like red deer they seemed to be fleet,
Darting hither and thither through the echoing street.

Now a Minister came with his face bent in thought,
As if some solution he fervently sought
For all these distractions which Commerce has brought.
But with all of his fineness, he seems to be hurled
From some quiet retreat out into the world.

With all of his knowledge, he seems not to know
How to buffet the currents,—to steer or to row.

Next a pretty Trained Nurse came wearing a trace
Of business decision with her womanly grace,
While a happy contentment spread over her face.

A Mechanic strolled by with the walk of a man,
Who has done his day's labor as well as he can;
He fears not to look in the face of the best;
Having done honest work, he has earned honest rest.

Thus the streets of the city seemed fairly alive;
They were buzzing with people like bees round a hive.
Most all of them jolly and gleesome and gay,
At the thought of some fun at the end of their day.
If now and then some one was silent or sad,
He was lost in the throngs of those cheerful and glad.

But we noticed that everyone seemed in a hurry,
All wound up and keyed to a fluttering flurry:
As they rushed along by us in such a great haste,
Human energy seemed to be running to waste.

11.

On reflecting what further sightseeing might yield,
I concluded to take him to see Marshall Field,—
I mean that great store which Field's sturdy persistence
Has reared with the aid of some little assistance.
We entered from State Street. Four columns pure Grecian
First ushered us into a splendor Phoenician:—
For there all ablaze with electrical light,
Stretched away a great room all tinted in white,—
Five hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide,—
A princely room fit for an Emperor's bride:—
Filled with every description of social inanity,
Designed to appeal to Womankind's vanity.

12.

Tens of thousands of things seemed to clutter that floor,
And yet up above were eleven floors more;
Filled full of all sorts of fixings and fixtures
From ten dollar dolls to expensive oil pictures.
On the eighth floor for instance, elegant, fine,
Were tables where 1,800 people could dine,
All seated at once, on meats, cakes or ices,
With everything served up at reasonable prices,—
Or at what in a city is said to be reason,
Where epicures call for all things out of season.

The Grill Room meets all of its customers' wishes,
Since it offers three hundred separate dishes.
When Apollo had seen it; and once more alone,
We stood on the street:—"A man who can own
A business like that must surely attain
To wonderful power by the use of his brain.
I suppose after gleaning such bountiful share
Of wealth here-abouts, he's enlisted now where

His brain is devoted to serving the State
Whose laws and protection have made him so great".—
Commented Apollo, half musing aloud,
As we both were watching the cosmopolitan crowd;
"O no," I replied, "he still is engaging"—
"What! In waging pursuits that no longer need waging."

Apollo exclaimed:—"O never, my friend,
Will your Nation be safe or its woes at an end,
Until every wealthy man uses his vim
In work for the State that's been working for him.
There is one mighty fact that I certainly see,—
If you all were one half what you're hoping to be,
Your creeds and your deeds would more nearly agree.

Here is one of the mightiest merchants today,
With the kindest of methods and the fairest of pay,
Yet how far—very far even he is behind
The simplest, most primary truths of his mind,

If he, too, looks up to that gracious faced preacher,—
That Christ whom you say was a very great Teacher.
You call yourselves Christians and yet I have sought
In vain for a proof that you really have caught
The spirit of what you say that he taught:—
He was humble and poor; and you say that he died
For Truth's sake. Yet your World is a marvel of Pride,—
Of cunning and all of those instincts toward Strife,
Which prevents all the wide spreading beauty of life.
Even your Churches are split into factions:

In following Christ, why not follow his actions?
As a whole, you avoid his calm, gentle meekness,
As if you considered it piteous weakness.
For you still seem to worship the old rule of force,
While reading your Bibles as a matter of course."
I did not reply. There is nothing creates
Such a great waste of Time as religious debates.
More-over, such arguing tends to grow rough.

We agreed upon one thing: We had seen quite enough,—
So we straightway departed, no longer elate.

Down the noisiest, busiest, section of State;
From Marshall Field's corner, we cast a look west,
Where the *Iroquois Theatre stood smiling its best;
As if that great fire with its innocent prey
Had been the mere thoughtless, ill-deed of a day.
Said I: "Dear Apollo, say the word and we'll go
To a good play tonight." But Apollo said: "No!
My mind is stuffed full. Besides, they will keep,—
Those gew-gaws of yours. What I need is sleep."
"Very well," I replied, "if it won't be too soon,
I will call round tomorrow somewhere about noon."
So I bade him good night, being then half awake
And I left him alone in a room near the lake.
Then straightway I went,—I know it was stupid,—
And telephoned out to Athena and Cupid:—

NOTE.—Now called "The Colonial."

"Apollo is safe but to know where he's been,
I think that tomorrow you better come in;
Your rooms are engaged,—and the best that they have,—
Right down at the Annex on Michigan Ave."

Canto II.

CANTO II.

Courageous, adventurous, pioneer men,
Have always been subjects of chisel and pen.
How often we sigh; "If I'd only lived then;
I know that I too would surely have done
All sorts of great things. What fame I'd have won!
Dull every day life is all right for a parson,
But the times I admire were like those of Kit Carson"!
How often we muse in the quiet of home;—
"If I had known Caesar when Julius ruled Rome,
Wouldn't life have been splendid? For Caesar and I
Would have certainly made this little world fly!"
Thus many folks think, both men and small boys
In consequence missing many present day joys.

Should the gods come to earth, who is there to follow,
Any more than that day they followed Apollo?
In clothing ill fashioned, everybody would flee them;
We need not more gods but the right eyes to see them.

Only faith and high courage, cool, steady and stoic,
Plain patience and work can create the heroic.
Yet people still look for their heroes to come,
Perched up on a charger keeping step to a drum.
When I thought of Apollo I almost divined
The secret and mould of a natural mind:
One trained and upreared amid such conditions,
As do not necessitate pills from physicians.

Regarding Apollo, I own I was worried,
Lest by various noises he might have been flurried.
Indeed my anxiety was not in vain;
That a city breeds tumult was proved very plain,
When next morning on calling, I saw the most dreary
Face one could look at:—"O my! but I'm weary"
Apollo exclaimed: "All night through my dreaming,
Great animals down there kept screeching and screaming:
Of all the frightfullest, awfullest evils
I ever have heard of! They sounded like devils."

I laughed in despite of his overwrought state;
"Why those were switch engines a-handling freight."
"That's Sanscrit to me," said Apollo, "but, friend,
As for sleeping in Hades, that's come to an end.
Your box-stalls are pretty: some even seem fairy;
But tomorrow I camp out up on the prairie."
"I am sorry," I said with decided vexation,
"We fall so below all your high expectation.
But if you will leave your Diogenes tub,—
I mean, cease this giving all our best things a rub
I will take you right over and show you the Club."
"Forgive me, my friend, I will try to be good,
Or at least to be civil as everyone should."

So after a luncheon of coffee and eggs,
We strolled up the street to stretch out our legs.
For the fact was that noble Apollo would balk
At the mention of riding to a place we could walk.
He said that he thought that by hurry and strife

One could squeeze all the pith and the joy out of life.
Thus calmly proceeding with occasional stops
We looked at the people and also the shops:
In this way we came to the Orchestra Hall.

He, observing the building next door was too tall,
I told him that he'd have a long way to seek
Ere he found in our town aught especially meek.
At the broad open entrance, he wanted to knock
And call upon Wagner, Beethoven and Bach.
But I said they were dead: and that not very often
Did we honor a man who was out of his coffin.
The Art Institute next coming under his eyes,
His face fairly beamed with delight and surprise.

The statues amazed him, faun, athlete, and elf,
In particular one that was meant for himself.
The paintings, too, made him cry out with delight,
"Well! I never expected to see such a sight.

I mean, not here by the side of your lake
Yet I'm glad to observe somebody's awake."
Now when I heard this, thought I: "He will warble
When I show him our Library's entrance of marble."
Which straightway I did; and as I foretold;
Apollo exclaimed, "This deed is pure gold!"

Then we steered for the Club, to which some perversity,
Gave as a name, not Bon-Ton—but University.
As we entered the Club, Lo! most of the waiters
Because he wore sandals 'stead of shoes or of gaiters,
Stared hard with a sort of superior gleam,
Till I whispered: "He's on the new Harvard Track Team."
That changed the whole air. We were soon more at home,
Than ever was Caesar when ruling old Rome.
First invited to drink, then invited to dine;
We were filled up on food and then upon wine,
Until our hosts cried in their zealous delight;
"Friends, you can have everything that's in sight!"

Next they passed us round; introduced us to all
The people of fame, of whom I recall
The fact that the biggest were all millionaires,
Or pleasant young men with bald-headed cares.
Of course there were several bright fellows who wrote,
Such things as would please these people of note.

One great man, however, we managed to see
And that was the open eyed Artist McC,
Whose heart like his mind is sturdy and free.
Though we met half the notables living in town,
While flooded with favors we didn't quite drown.
To my utter surprise,—a fact to be stated,—
Apollo refused to be flushed or elated.
He took it all coolly as if every day,
He frequently met people greater than they.
Espying two men at the end of the room,
Engaged in a talk, Apollo said; "Come!
Here are a pair whom I have watched for a minute,

They are talking in earnest and both are deep in it.
Conversation is ever the happiest Art,
To develop the graces of Mind and of Heart.
The brains of a nation are really the test
Of all that it stands for,—the worst and the best.
So pray let us listen. There is no need to rush on;
Let's sit near this bookcase and hear this discussion."

2

Two authors were there—the one in a rage,
The other attempting the rage to assuage,
While one seemed as gay as a robin that sings,
His friend kept lamenting the down look of things.
"I tell you," he cried, "this world is becoming
A place for the cheapest worst vaudeville mumming,
Just because as a nation, and I will repeat,—
We are brimming right over with native conceit;
We're often not wrong but even when right,

Our views seem to be like mere candles at night,—
Burning brightly at first, then less and less gay
Until they will finally flicker away.
While all of the rogues out there in the dark
Are having the happiest kind of a lark.
We talk pretty words while we're fighting to keep
Our own precious selves at the top of the heap.
We struggle like wolves; we feed at our ease;
Go to church upon Sunday, and do as we please.
And what is the matter? We each wear a collar
Forged out of pure greed and the Almighty dollar;
We tolerate all sorts of Standard Oil thieving,
Under the plea we are making a living.
"Developing resources" develops pure evil
Until we are all on the road to the Devil:—
Becoming accustomed to business transgression,
Mere Honesty now seems an antique profession;
Ideals once clear are confused and so rambling
We cannot distinguish goodness from gambling:

The danger that nowadays seems to be sunning
Itself at our doors is a rattlesnake Cunning;
Which none have succeeded in scotching because
Sly Cunning was never yet mentioned in laws;
Moreover in olden days nobody saw
That Cunning would ever grow shrewder than law.

3

The foe of all freemen is worship of Mammon!
The need of all freemen is to call it all gammon,
And refuse to confuse hard honorable toil,
With the cunning of Greed or the Gambler's spoil,
Whoever that gambler may be—Tweed or Croker,
Or an apparently pious Stock-broker.
In brief, I must tell you, A nation must be
Led by men who in fact and in fiction are free.
Free from the fear that is comic and grim,
If they dare to do right, they will fail in the swim."

"What's the matter with Teddy?" said I half aside,
"Roosevelt is all right!"—the speaker replied.
"Except when agreeing,—believing he must,—
To accept in the place of loaf a mere crust.
His views on the Navy are wise, deep and true,
And he ought to persist in pushing them through.
(When a thing is dead right that's the first thing to do.)
But of late he's expanding his army views, too,
While his pension opinions will go down in history
As an insoluble psychological mystery.
Yet in braving low prudence he does what he can,
E'en his failures reveal the mould of the man,
Who is built on a large solid generous plan.
Of the Roosevelt sort, I wish there were more,
With courage like his, clear grit to the core.
Yes! I really believe that Roosevelt ought to
Spend some time in hunting; but more in pure thought, too.
For calm thinking is what gives the courage to men
To beard their Time's lion and clean out his den.

Why! we are haunted as badly as children of yore,
At thought of the ghosts that may visit our door;
Yes! ghosts are real spirits; ghost stories are true;
But how many are there whom ghosts never knew,
Will lie awake nights and fairly grow dumb,
Awaiting the big ghost who never will come?
O, I knew you would scoff; I knew you would smile,
Just because you're afraid of short rations awhile."

4.

Then stopping for breath he defiantly eyed,
The other who thereupon promptly replied;
"Go ahead! Although hard on some innocent facts,
You are making good chips with each stroke of your axe."
He turned to Apollo: I turned unto him:—
Said Apollo, "A pity life seemeth so grim!"
Continued the speaker, "Aye, grim, stern, and bitter,
For truth oft is hard and a very hard hitter.

Yet Truth is our Teacher and they who have sought her,
Find strong meat far better than sugar and water!
When our Greed is once tempered and part of our Hate
In a twinkling we all will quickly create,
An equable, temperate, man-loving State.
I make no complaint of the great mighty masses
(Before whom still lie Wisdom's high mountain passes)
So much as I do of the fine upper classes
Who're beginning to restlessly wander and roam,
'Stead of helping their neighbors by staying at home.
'Tis noble to keep in the depths of your heart
A reverence for Beauty and Culture and Art,
But no healthy mortal ere hungers or itches
For Art while he's weary with digging of ditches.
Art only arises when wholesome sane toil
Allows every worker to look at the soil,
Instead of forever being fated to pound it,
With nose down so close that he can't see beyond it;
My simple point is; 'tis a fatal omission,

When the brains of a state does not change this condition;—
Christ descended to earth for this one great revealing,
True living means simply expansion of feeling.
He brought us a teaching whose tenets but few are, —
Potentially all men are noble as you are;
If today they are otherwise, that merely shows
They have had worse conditions or burdens or woes;
The greatest of truths and the one that is fine,
Is that every man's heart holds a spark that's divine.
Someday and somehow and somewhere we shall all,
Hear the voice of our God and arise at his call,
Yet when men coddle pride and won't or don't doff it,
But keep it to play with or rather for profit,
What wonder that everyone,—you now and I,
Must confess that the world is a little awry?

Men live not by food but by things they would gain,
By the hopes and the dreams they seek to attain,—
Men decay when a rational hope proves in vain.

Look around you and see what a wanton disgrace
Comes from love of one's self instead of one's race?
Has the old guild of letters any welcome or places
For Wisdom or Wit or the classical graces?
Except as those graces bend low,—as they hark it,—
To greet the Dear Dollar down there in the market?
(A fact that was recently comically seen
When the Fra knocked in vain at McClure's Magazine)
Modern graces seek nests where each comfortably cuddles.
Our playwrights will patter round dubious puddles;
Our novelists rising from commonplace muddles
Have run back to history almost as far
As the distance of earth from a twinkling star
Though doing good work, all bend their meek noses
Right down to whatever Sir Mammon proposes."

5

Thus on went the author but nobody stirred,
We simply watched out for the relevant word,—

Accepting it gladly (The rest we interred.)
For much more is gained from sheer silence than speaking;
The mind that will learn is the mind that keeps seeking.
"Consider," he shouted, "how life has grown hasty,
Till people no longer have time to be tasty.
Though they fancy they are when in the sheerest delusion
They bric-a-brac rooms, then admire the confusion.
They spend so much time in getting and giving,
There is none of it left for the old art of living.
When nations lack leisure to think about thinking
There vulgar things rise and the noble are sinking,
For the best things of life,—as a whole or a section,
Come from labor and toil applied with reflection.
Anybody can throw up cabins for shelter,
But homes can't be builded up all helter-skelter.
Much less can the home of a great nation be,
Upbuilt save by thinking both lofty and free."
Then returning to Letters—(all people talk shop)
He went right along since he couldn't well stop.

For as up and as down in our corner he strode,
I thought; If he stops he will surely explode.

"Now, here is a truth which there's no use of blinking,—
The actions of all men depend on their thinking.
And thinking is not a mere casual pleasure,
It comes from hard work done mid moments of leisure:
If people refuse to toil save when they must,
The great hopes of Freedom shall sink into dust.
Whoever is free must be ready to push on;
'Tis tyrants and slaves who recline on a cushion,"
Thus the Author proceeded while flashes of fire,
Illumined his eyes, as higher and higher
Rose the sound of his voice like an organ and choir,
Then suddenly turning right backward to books,
He gave recent literature one or two looks;
(To authors such things are like cooking to cooks,
Though matters of labor and care and of strife
After all 'tis the very staff of their life

For they see it full often proved time and again,
Their life is the real higher life of all men.)

"Now let us consider this clever rhetorical
Novel we nowadays call the Historical;
I must tell you in plain unmistakable phrases,
The fact that 'tis one of the oldest of crazes.
An attempt, so to speak, to revive for a day,
An Art gone to seed on the verge of decay.
Living mainly on trimming and padding and stuffing,—
Not to mention the Publisher's arduous puffing,
Like Falstaff rigged out with a ruff and a boot
Which seems to be part of a masquerade suit,
Though showing a pretense so bluff and exacting
As if a great galvanized hogshead were acting;
Yet even when grown thus fantastically bold,
You feel he is wise because he looks old,
Likewise our good novelists, leastways the last,
Wave up with their wands all the ghosts from the past.

With weird incantations they summon the Dead:
With mystified magic; with shaking of head;
With fingers on lips; with the tragicallist tread;
Then without any further mum! mums! being said,
They will push them forth boldly—robes regally spread,—
Like the gear of a beautiful maiden when wed,—
With a thousand whoops then on their way they are sped,
And as they go onward from pillar to post,—
With subjects, a legion; admirers, a host,
Folks never suspect as they drink to each toast,
They are only admiring a masquerade ghost,
Which, by endeavors heroically frantic,
Has shrewdly been made to appear most romantic.

6.

Today whosoever desires to succeed,—
(By way of the every day Codex and Creed)
Must study dramatical methods and saws,
As well as the technical theatre laws.

The drama is growing. You cannot pooh, pooh it,
For look how these novelists bow down and sue it!
First watching the Public and how best to woo it,
A novelist taking a subject will hew it,
Until not a person would know that they knew it.
After finding what popular wit there is to it,
(Popular is paying, as people now view it)
And running the right thread of romancing through it,
And letting the ablest reviewers review it,
He will win one success and then will renew it;
Each time turning into an eloquent pleader,
Whenever he pleads on the side of the Reader.
What a talent they have, to put into a doze
Every one of their readers both true friends and foes,
Who upon waking will own they were blest,
In being donated such delicious, dear rest;
Then will buy his next book still craving for more
Sheer forgetfulness such as was given before.
As with juleps of old, folks nowadays dawdle
So peacefully over innocuous twaddle!

This is one reason why such books are the rage;—
Like sweets they appeal to the taste of the age.
And their authors know well how that taste to assuage!
Just by glossing with satin each periwigged page,
By using the dexterous finesse of the stage.
So shrewdly they conjure; in a manner so cute,
So sleepy their readers and so easy to suit,
They spread Modern Novels all over the town;
Like sugar clad pills people gulp them all down;
Take for granted they're good and slumber right on.
Thus every few weeks comes the Publisher's shout;—
Just issued! The Greatest Story ever brought out!
The best ever bred in the Muse's dominions,
Regarding which book we submit these opinions:—
(Concocted of late by our critical minions)
Says the Saturday Squab; "The Muse gave the mitten
To all modern authors until this was written;
A book for the home, bar-room or sorority;
On live things the only living authority."

Says the American Fib: "At last we behold,
A Genius to grace the great eras of old.
This volume is one every reader should get,
Upon its success we are ready to bet;
Such wisdom has never been printed as yet;
It puts all humanity into its debt!"
If writers tell stories, the false and the true,—
The publishers tell some amazing ones too.

7.

Thus every twelve months is America yielding
Whole book shelves of novelists better than Fielding:
While if you'll grope blindly in last season's pickings,
You'll run across twenty as good as Charles Dickens.
For so say the book sellers! Who shall deny them
When they can print books and find Readers to buy them?
Were intelligent readers e'er known to have bought
Any books save the wise, bright and good ones they ought?
And who—yes! I'll say it—who dares to avow

That readers were ever more knowing than now?
Thus Publishers must be both prophets and pleaders,
When their casual remarks convince e'en their Readers.
'Tis a wonder to me why the critics will grieve
When the Publishers tell them just what to believe
Thus saving them all of the worry and the strain
Of trying to think with a mystified brain.
For who is but mystified when he must read
Each Publisher's monthly prophetical screed,
Relating how fortune has never yet kissed
Quite so genuine Genius as that on his list.

8.

'Tis a novel condition—the one of today:
Very like that of old facing Collins and Grey,—
When good Doctor Johnson still ventured to hope
There was warmth in the bare worn-out mantle of Pope.
Forgetting that Art has already grown hoary,—

Has lost all its greatness; forgotten its Glory,
Descended to Earth, no more to aspire,
When its technique is more than its spiritual fire.
For, long ago, Art unto mortals was given
To thunder to men; There's a God and a Heaven!
It never was destined to trail along tracks,
Or furnish world-prophets in booksellers' hacks.
Now a hack is a writer whose life is so starred,
That he furnishes copy by the saleable yard.
He may labor for money or scramble for fame.
But when selling his soul he's a hack just the same.
Sometimes he is perched up, looking supernal
At fifty per week on a great daily journal.
He may live in a palace or toil in a hovel,
Write verses or critiques or drama or novel,
But the minute he puts himself where he dare not
Express full and fairly his uttermost thought,
He's a hack,—shut out from the face of the Muses;
Until he returns to the Truth he abuses.

There are various forms of human transgression,
But the worst is degrading a noble profession.
A book may be careless or bumptious or sloppy,
But if it is honest—that pays for the copy.
No learning of Age and no humor of Youth,—
No Art and no Wit takes the place of mere Truth,
Without it all talent is paltry, in sooth;
The doer of true work must love and adore it,
A thousand times more than what he gets for it.

9.

Was there ever, Ye heavenly spiritual Powers,
Any publishers quite so benignant as ours?
Did ever,—and this point I'm hungry to know,—
Did ever men labor for literature so?—
Fling so many free catalogues into dark places,
Tell folks of more books and their immortal graces,
And generously praise in mellifluous tone

So many great writers—especially their own?
I am sure Milton suffered and Shakespeare did, too,
Just because our dear publishers they never knew.
Who nowadays all are so wondrously bright
They can spot a good author,—merely at sight;
At a glance of their eye, they can easily tell,
The kind of Author whose copy will sell.
All such hail from Heaven. The rest hail from—well,
Great publishers dub all obscurity H—ll!"
I whispered just here to Apollo: "How sad!
What bitter experiences he must have had."
The Author stopped short,—as if he had heard;
Then saying; "I have only one brief final word,—
The trouble today is—reduced to a tittle,—
We are reading too much and we're thinking too little!"

10.

Throwing backward his head like a lion at bay,
Eye to eye he looked at us as much as to say:—

"I am here! Where are you?" In the gentlest way
His smiling faced friend rose at once to his feet,
And embracing him said; "If your mind was as sweet
As it's strong and clear sighted; close reefed and well furled
'Twould shatter to dust half the shams of the world.
I mean those big shams whose whale size would confound them
Except that Dear Mammon wants the blubber around them.
Yet I thank you, old fellow, and let me avow,
Though I bate not a jot of what you said now,
I would like to point out, for these gentlemen here,
Some things that may modify some of our fear.
You have hit off our failings and shown where we stood,
I desire now to glance at some things that seem good;
Books mirror man's life,"—turning then to the cases,
"Now let us discover the mould of their faces.
I'll flatter them not nor belie them, believe me,
And if I omit some, I prithee forgive me.
I'll endeavor to show, without winking or blinking,
Their outlook on life and the trend of their thinking.

Now after we've seen what their pictures have shown,
Remember their lives are the gist of our own.

Here's Howells,—the Dean of our Letters today;
Who started as poet but stopped by the way,
Because he discovered—and that very soon,—
That for singing his country was all out of tune.
He went from Ohio to Boston to see,
What best he could do and what most he could be.
Though heartily welcomed he never could rear a
Poetical fame in his worshipful era.
Yet he's done clever work if only in showing
His neighbors the way that the trade winds are blowing.
His greatest real triumph, and well worthy praise,
Was in making folks sick of their own prosy ways.
So exactly he held up the mirror to Nature,
Folks shrank back aghast at their own prosy feature;
So disgusted were they that they ran with a vim,
Straight away from their old selves and, also, from him.

There's General Lew Wallace,—and trust me we'll find
When gone he has left not an equal behind.
He has proved to the world what few would have guessed
That the People are fond of the things that are best.
Furthermore that the best art ever will be
Most prized in that country where men are most free.
What else can one possibly dream or infer
From the splendid success of his noble Ben Hur:
A story of Christ,—and not a mere Libel,—
Read by hundreds of thousands, next after the Bible.

There's Julia Ward Howe—eighty three years and over;
Has any one read of her life that don't love her?
She has done as a woman what many more do,
Set examples to men of a life that is true,—
With respect for the old things; with faith in the new;
She has always marched onward and upward in spite
Of the things that allure and of those that affright.
We should all read her "Battle Hymn," Northward and South,
Just to let the great rhythms ennoble the mouth.

There's Aldrich and Stedman and Burroughs—the last
Of the Old Guard who link Today with the Past;
They have done a good work; they have fought a good fight,
And await amid honor the coming of night.
Not wondrously gifted, yet each has achieved
Far more than a critic would ever believed
Who saw merely talent and not the high minded,
Earnest true laborer toiling behind it.
For the best way to judge (and be certain and sure)
Of the worth of a deed is to study the doer.
Every toiler works out only natural force,
As water can rise only up to its source.
So the first thing to do is just to discover,
The fitness of man for being a lover,—
A lover of all the Almighty has given
From the eyes of a maid to the blue skies of Heaven.

Here comes our trained statesman, Secretary John Hay,
Who always has liked "Little Breeches," they say.
His little ones having been changed for a pair,

Which have carried him up in diplomacy where
He can dine at the White House on Washington air.
Sweet Rumor asserts when they serve him up salads
They always bring in those Pike County ballads,
Because they're so full of the freshness and glow,
Of the green country fields and the dear long ago;
Forgetting indeed what he put his best ink on:—
That ponderous valuable great Life of Lincoln.
To writers this moral now needs an inditing,
When working be careless what things you are writing,—
Excepting to speak what you feel to be true,—
Then someday you'll be an ambassador, too.

Here's President Roosevelt—whose broadening faction,
Now takes in the Nation. His hobby is action,
(A wholesome sane hobby to have, by the by,
Since it always clears jaundice out of your eye,
And gives you a healthier view of the sky).
He's the best type today—from Beersheba to Dan,

Straightforward and honest, the kind of a man
Who likes a fair fight on the oldfashioned plan,—
Who will do the levelest best that he can.
When confusions confront him or get in his way,
He braves them without a sheer minute's delay.
He seizes and grapples them right then and there,
As he'd tackle a wildcat or grizzly bear.
Although as a fighter he's brave, bold and dareful.
He also, is usually watchful and careful!
For the fighter with courage, high spirits and dash,
Doesn't necessarily have to be rash.
Right here I might mention his fame as a fighter
Will doubtless outlive his good work as a writer.
His failing, no doubt, is his feeling that ME
Could run the whole circus from A up to Z.
If his Heart didn't keep his keen Conscience awake
What a good old tyrannic dictator he'd make!

Now a word to all critics! Whosoever dares
Criticize a good subject should give it their prayers:
Good luck then to Teddy! (Thus we love to address him;)
More power to his arm and his Navy—God bless him!

Before I proceed, let it first be confessed
That hopings and prayings won't bring us the best,
Until we have learned what the olden men knew
The laws that control the one deed we would do.

I own that few mainsails of late are unfurled
To face the great tides and the storms of the world.
But our writers are watching and some day there'll be
A mighty outlaunching upon the blue sea.
At present we're skirting each inlet and coast,
As if we were searching for something we'd lost;
Sometimes it seems almost—at least to my notion—
As if we were dazed at the sight of the ocean.
As Hawthorne remarked once—a thought good to keep—
The thing modern men seem to need most is sleep.
They're just a bit jaded and jaded men still,
Keep close to the land in despite of their will.
The howl of the storm-winds; the swirl of the foam
Is persuading them somehow not to venture from home.
But prithee observe—whether poets or not,—
That the hearts of our authors are in the right spot.

Here are Miller and Markham and Henry Van Dyke,
All poets in practice but very unlike.
The first is the poet of mountains and seas;
Of woods and prairies; of flowers and trees;
Of oceans and sunsets and all that has grown,
To make out of Earth God's wonderful throne.
Joaquin Miller's a bard whose heart is in thrall
To the beauty of earth and the thrill of it all,
For whom God's creations make an endless surprise,
On which he still gazes with reverend eyes,
Accepting all gladly, and thankful to strive
In gratitude merely for being alive.
His men are the heroes who smack of the soil,
Who face their grim labor and rude rugged toil,
With a silent endurance of muscle and eye,
Which boldly eyes fate and makes not a cry.
His galloping verse like a broncho when caught
Will frequently run right away with the thought,
But he always returns to the work he would do;

And always keeps close to the right point of view.
Savage men he delights in, but sometimes is blind,
To the fact that a strong thing may be refined;
Of the gold quartz of wisdom, whole chunks will be shown,
When Miller the poet has come to his own.

Edwin Markham one morning most happily guessed
The one thought his nation then wanted expressed,
So he listened and brooded and pondered and lo!
Forth came in good time The Man with the Hoe,—
A vision prophetic of troubles to come
If Mammon shall triumph and freemen grow dumb.

Now Henry Van Dyke indicates in a way
The faults and the virtues inherent today,
In all of our workers who look to the pen
To help to improve the conditions of men—
In spite of good theories, they rush to invade,
The realm of the wood-god with tools of their trade,

Demanding the message which none will repeat
Save to those who stand waiting with suppliant feet.

Hamlin Garland is here—a strong manly fellow,
Whom hunters would greet with the heartiest hello.
He writes a good story but as for his rhyme,—
Well, somehow he seems to be born out of time.
Though an athlete to look at in sinews and thews,
He seems to be wreathed in a shade of the blues;
Not sorry or weary or sour, I should say,
But colors to him have all turned to a grey.
He's so downright in earnest; so far from alloy,
That he fairly forgets the existence of Joy.
If he shouted a song or turned out a sonnet,
'Twould all take the tint of a quaker maid's bonnet.
Whenever he tells of his life in the West,
He's on his home ground and so gives you his best.
He's unfitted for fiction through love for the facts;
Like Carlyle would love to strike out with an axe.

He despises to merely make anyone laugh;
A pen in his hand is too little by half.
A man who was born for a fighter with men,
Finds it hard to come down to do work with a pen.

Here's James Whitcomb Riley,—a poet who'll roam
For long coming decades from home unto home,
Bringing gaily to each all the mirth and the joy
Of a glad hearted, merry and rollicking boy.
He has taught us one thing—worth a man's while to teach,—
That the good things of life are all lying in reach.
Our treasures are many—so plenty that we
Were rich as Aladdin,—if we could but see.

Elbert Hubbard comes next—"describe me who can?
An abridgement of all that is clever in man."
Nonchalant, noble, gay, light, and satiric,—
He uses all methods except the pure lyric.
In the easiest way he will venture to poke

Stern truths before people disguised as a joke.
Though a straightforward fellow,—at least so by nature,—
Being caught by the sight of his own gracious feature,
And finding his work both a joy and a profit,
He fancies somehow he was born for a prophet.
So indeed he may be, for 'tis perfectly true,
All men see great visions who love what they do.
But cleverness isn't quite all he supposes,
Nor can it conceal the sad fact that he poses.

Here's James Vila Blake, a poet and preacher,
But better than all a most excellent teacher,
Who writes such a delicate classical prose,
His style should convert e'en his bitterest foes.
And some day it will for it can't be denied
Fame often has slept till an author has died,
To bring round her roses, (and then she has cried
Because she forgot to stand up at his side).
If you don't think that Fame has some bad color-blindness,
Buy and read "More than Kin,"—a book upon kindness.

Ida Tarbell is here,—who starting at zero,
Has wrought a work fit for a Hercules hero.
Her truth is worth more than a bookcase of beauties,
For the thousands of men who're neglecting their duties,
Who loathing cold water or not liking swimming,
Keep hedging, debating and tacking and trimming,
While casting their eyes up to Fortune for favors;
Thus leaving to women the hardships and labors.
Though the world may recline on its golden illusion,
The fact is, mere words wrought the French Revolution.
Yes! One is enough for one era and clime,
Men wisely since then learn their lessons in time.

A poet is here whom we luckily caught,
When he came from New Brunswick, happily fraught
With ballads and songs which the ocean had taught.
Bliss Carmen who never will be what he ought
Until he discovers that verses are naught
Until they are freighted with valuable thought.

When desirous of rhythms,—apart from the words,—
We all are contented to listen to birds.

Now here is Ralph Conner and Roberts,—the poet;
Both reared in the northland and both of them show it.
Their work is filled full of the seawind and brine,—
With the keen, pungent, odorous breath of the pine.
While the world they describe and the men they believe in,
Are strong as the backgrounds that both of them live in.

A great land is Canada! sturdy, true Mother,
Whose children are fond both of her and each other.
So I would annex her,—and count it an honor,—
If with her came also Charles Roberts and Connor.

These three are the poets from over the border,—
Poets in feeling and of a true order,
Because they are lifted up into the throes
Of a primitive world. (Though Connor writes prose.)

Our poets at home have this problem to face,
The greatest perhaps since the birth of the race.
To present in right order the hues of a life
That is filled full of Glory and Meanness and Strife;
Where men though enduring, highminded and stoic
Are all in appearance very far from heroic;
A world interblended with truths and with lies
Of the cunningest, subtlest, most baffling guise;
A world of such noisy, Falstaffean ways,
That if poets plunge in they are lost in the maze—
Whereas keeping out, they are failing to feel
The great tide that's rising under the keel
Of our good Ship of State. (Which is now made of steel.)

Now what bards do not know, they won't try to reveal;
Nor will they mark plate with their God given seal.
But that isn't all. So aggressive and strong
Is this world they were born in,—to which they belong,
That its rub-a-dub-dub drowns out all their song.

Instead of replying with rhythms that ring,
The bards seem in doubt as to know what to sing.
Every poet must stalk through the world like a wraith
Unless he shall keep in his heart the great faith,
That as to the Present and also the Past,
His word is the first word and likewise the last:
The greatest of Muses is the one poets serve
For she teaches the truths that both guide and conserve.

Thus 'tis always the business of poets to do
The thing which they know and they feel to be true.
To sing without favor or doubting or fear
The music which only a poet can hear,
Because only he will bend low to the sod
To list to the oracles uttered by God.

However today our poet refuses
To give all his faith to the World or the Muses;
He follows the modes just enough to destroy

The bloom on the face of his vision of Joy:
Or knowing and feeling Truth only is fair,
He takes to the woods in a fit of despair.
Or else he will compromise on the condition,
He, too, shall have pudding and a position.

In scanning them all, each man is highminded,
Whom the dust of the world for the moment has blinded.
But they fail to do that which the Bards did of yore,
Train their voices to rise o'er the sound of the roar.
The men seem faint-hearted, none touching the lyre
With equal decision, precision and fire.
As the women who all are devoting more time
To living as well as to writing in rhyme.

Now let me glance over our writers of fiction,
(Yes! men who are great are the men of conviction)
'Twere most inexcusable; likewise in vain,
For me to explain our favorite Mark Twain;

Who for thirty straight years has happily done
Good work in providing our world with its fun.
A man of the very first humorous rank,
His jokes seem to come from a limitless bank;
Was there ever a shrewd and up to date lawyer,
With half of the wit of the genial Tom Sawyer?
Yet the funniest thing is the ways of old Fame
With those over eager to win in the game.
Mark Twain will be read like his once famous pard,
The wise, genial, witty Artemus Ward,
Who shone like a comet and came down as hard.

Here comes Joel Harris who decades ago,
Had fame down in Georgia with poetical glow;
But who later decided most humbly to toil,
With his pen dipped in prose and his eyes on the soil.
By adding to talent, persistence and grit,
He doubled the force of his natural wit.
Moreover he strengthened the skill of his hand,

By having an ardent love for his land.
'Twas love for his land like an old Grecial Demos,
Which helped to create the good Uncle Remus.
For the best of all writers are those that create us
A literature with an historical status.
To breathe in the graces and beauties and glories
Of the South and darky, read Harris' stories.
This fact all young writers should see and not mask,—
Great authors perforce give their lives to their task:
There is no place for bluff in the hallways of fame,—
Fame never takes part in a gamblers game.

Here is Upton Sinclair whose marvellous art
Vibrates to the pulse of his passionate heart.
His heart, did I say? Nay rather I deem
His speech at its least is Humanity's dream—
A dream no mere thinking ever reveals,
Except to the man who still suffers and feels.
Every now and again as he catches a tone

It sounds like the rhythms that come from the throne
Where angels sit singing of eras to be
When men from their passions and hatreds are free.
Great work he has wrought,—and yet on the whole,
He almost leaves out such a thing as the soul,
Being wholly absorbed in proving man's good,
Is dependent at first on the kind of his food,
Thus a pity it is,—yet a humanlike sin—
That he could not have let little melodies in,
With a sunbeam or two that should make people feel
That his pictures of life were wholesomely real.
For let us remember that even though sad,
Our world of Today is not quite wholly bad.
Look around you this minute, you will find there is sod
Where men can still live and can still worship God.
A man's life is one thing; very different from that,
Is the weakling's existence in a steam heated flat.
Thus sometimes it seems very solemnly true,
That the worst wrongs today are the wrong points of view,

When Democracy conquers, with its foes on the shelf,
Man will still have one trouble,—and that is himself.
It were easier to level Chicago or Rome
Than reform one mere man in a comfortable home.
Most men in most places who struggle and fight
Will overcome wrongs if their own hearts are right.
The great millionaires are created, I vow,
By men who would be great and do not know how.
No gambler is dangerous—and this fact is grim—
If he could not find suckers to gamble with him.
'Tis the blind greed of small fish for crumbs they would get,
That leads them full oft to the big fishers' net.

Here is Kate Douglas Wiggins whose frolicsome mind,
Is as sound as her heart and also as kind;
While the freedom and flow of her rollicking wit
Seems as sweet as the wisdom she mixes with it.
Somehow and somewhere some merciful Fate
Just saves her from being either tragic or great;

But greatness is something very small in degree
When you contemplate such a glad being as she.

William Moody comes next whose muse, I confess,
Would do rather more if it only did less.
Prose writers can speak in ways lofty or drear,
But poets should be merely simple and clear,
And bring to their hearers the pleasant surprise
Of common things lifted by reverend eyes
The poet does best when he jauntily sings
Of the mysteries wrapped in life's everyday things.
His lyrics and ballads prove what can he do
When he and his Muse once start out to woo.
But when his ambitions get into his way,
His wit says good-bye, and his Muse says good day.
Of late,—on perceiving that plays are the rage,—
He left the green fields for the lights of the stage.
Someday he will write something strong and delicious
If only he doesn't keep growing ambitious.

The Great Divide really may add to his woe
If it makes him forget that all great things must grow.
The foe of today to every good novice
Is the siren that sits in the little box office.

Regarding the South, the writer to give it
The greatest renown was invited to leave it,
George William Cable whose Old Creole Days
Rise almost above the province of praise;
While the musical notes of his "Grandissimes" run
As gaily as humming birds under the sun.
Though his stories are funny as those about possums,
They give you the odor of ripe orange blossoms.
With the taste of such luscious delight in your mouth,
That you feel all the magical grace of the South.
After making them famous, he ne'er got a thankee,
So he came up to Boston to live with the Yankee.
(This reward is the least that can well be expected,
That Art will proceed where most highly respected.)

Where people don't care to have a futurity,
Why, Artists will leave them to their obscurity.

Here comes Mr. Dooley—whose nature is such,
The worry of wealth never troubled him much,
Until by some hapless, though long-deserved Fate,
The country began to consider him great;
Then down from his peak of serene contemplation
He dived in the mill-race of real speculation,
By starting to barter his thoughts that were funny
For hunches and bunches of dry Wall St. money.
A Philosopher, he; with a wink in his eye
Who knows how to write when he doesn't half try.
But under the spur of the Publishers' greed,
He turns out some copy which is sorry indeed.
Which is sorry, I say, when one thinks what a free,
Honest, pithy, clear mind his was destined to be.
It comes with a sort of a rude moral shock,
To see how he, too, takes to watering his stock;
All of which goes to prove how the best are enrolled
'Neath the banners of Mammon in this Era of Gold.

Daily toil is the first and Art is the last
Endeavor to fuse the Future and Past.
Old lessons will aid us where'ver we believe them;
Our heirs will advance by what we can leave them;
Then let us not leave them all mortgaged with trouble;
Good health and brave spirits make a fortune most noble.
Life's gleaner and reaper—the greatest by half—
Is he who can sift present truth from its chaff;
Human life will lose more than half of its terror,
When Truth is kept clear of the sand dunes of Error.

Many writers we have who are earnest and true
To whatsoever they may endeavor to do:—
Mary Wilkins, for instance, and Mrs. Burnett,
(That fine "Lass O'Lowrie's" will you ever forget?)
Alice French, Miss Murfree and Nelson Page, too,
Robert Herrick, Weir Mitchell,—I give but a few,—
John Fox, Julian Hawthorne, Marion Crawford and when
Will we match Owen Wister, that painter of men?

Henry Phillips—"Red Saunders"—that man of delight;
Bacheller, Tarkington, Lane Allen and White:
While to these might be added one of those names,
Which England as well as America claims,
John Bunyan's modern Faint Heart, The Great Henry James.

To diverge to a different type from all these,—
Here's an out and out freeman from over the seas,—
That reporter with conscience the Dane, Jacob Riis;
Who proves an old truth, giving added weight to it,
That to know a thing well you must first struggle through it,

Here's one of a band—modern Knights—and we need them,
Who are fighters and lovers and servants of Freedom;
George Kennan for instance who came back to tell
Of prison sights seen in Siberian Hell;
Who thought it was well within his own scope,
To bring to those exiles a word of pure hope.
Charles Sheldon is here who will patiently strive

To keep the real teachings of Jesus alive.
Next, Baker and Steffens and others who trod
New trails till they cut through conventional sod.
(Though some folks indeed think it wondrously odd,
That usefulness lies in mere service to God.)
These doing the best work achieved in their day
See around them a world that is greater than they.
A world which requires (they instinctively feel)
A new race of men made with muscles of steel;
To grasp its great meanings; to buffet the clashings
Of Storm-winds and waves;—all the tumults and dashings
Of great tidal forces that moving by night
Arise neath the Dawn with irresistible might.

The fact that I fancy I painfully see
Is that Art and that Life today don't agree.
Our Art is not great enough. Somehow it lacks
The pulse and the movement of primitive facts,—
Like the heave of the sea; or the twilight that shines

Far over a mesa or down through the pines.
It needs an uplifting; wants health and a vigor,
Which is learned out of doors mid storms and their rigor,
Yet retaining in method the clearness of view
To know where it stands and what it should do.
Now Life that is strong is poetic, intense;
Not something pinned up like wet clothes on a fence;
But something as vast, wide, deep, and as high,
As the sun or the stars or the limitless sky.
Its need is for freedom, for elbow room, force;
To move like a glacier right on in its course;
Obeying one law without hindrance or bars,
The law that is lighting the sun and the stars;
A law that will speak to, inspire and control
The health of the mind and the hopes of the soul;
Decreed long ago when the demigods ran,—
'Tis reverence hid in the heart of a man:
It keeps Earth from being a shop or a sewer,
As it whispers this truth than which nothing is truer,—
"Many things on this earth are as noble as you are!"

11

Here-on the first author like a grouse from its cover,
Sprang onto his feet, with joy running over;—
"That's the point! you have hit it; the world of today
Has slowly, insensibly drifted away
From the old, modest, simple and primitive way.
Our Churches divide into various factions;
Daily life is disturbed by a thousand distractions,
Instead of uniting to see things are done
For the interests of all which are really one.
Though hymns to the Lord arise upon Sunday,
The service of Satan is resumed upon Monday.
We flaunt all the wisdom of life and of song,
Upon the old plea that we are getting along.

Our life is a series of petty digressions;
Instead of possessing we're possessed by possessions.
Nay! our neighbors applaud our estimable rank,
The minute we prove we have money in bank;
Not a ray of our Youth may remain to remind us

Of the glories of Earth; our lights may but blind us,
Yet still we keep crying for things scientific,
While dying for need of another specific.
One point that the most of us seem to forget
Is that business men haven't learned everything yet.
Each man to his trade!—was of old a good motto;
But men still pretend to what they ought not to.
The spending of half of your life in a store
Trains the instinct for trading and rarely much more.
Nor can this rabid running round after dollars
Give merchants the wisdom of Statesmen and Scholars.
Great merchants, 'tis true, have won splendid laurels,
But that was in spite of, not because of their morals.
The morals of business though outwardly sound
All tend—Yes! I guess I'm on dangerous ground.
As Socrates learned in the Athens of old
(The same that Xantippe used to righteously scold)
Humanity seems so peculiarly made
No trader is ever content with his trade;

Though master of one thing,—his head in its girth
Expands till he dreams he is master of Earth."

12.

The man with the smile resuming replied:—
"I see you insist on the negative side.
Most negative things are a wasting of force;
Whatever goes forward keeps on in its course.
People all must in time breathe the scum of stagnation,
Who remain by the moveless pools of negation.
Now long before this, I suppose you could see,
That American authors are wholesome, and free
From the stain that perforce must inevitably be
The mark of those men whose environments hold
Antique hoary vices with their stench and their mould,
(All Art rests on life; and life will confound it
When living conditions are unhealthy around it!)

The stranger the wonder we fail to produce
Any work that is great,—fit for every day use,—
Made out of our life and so true as to fire
The race to still further arise and aspire.
One reason no doubt is the many confusions,—
The thousand and one distracting delusions—
Which convert our Ideals into Illusions.
So distracted we are by the little things near
We perceive many vistas but none of them clear.
Such strenuous labor we daily are giving
To work that we keep not a minute for living.
The immediate reason, I take it, is this;—
With the best of intentions we continue to miss
A great basis fact, (mark this, as prophetic!)
Our books are in prose while our living's poetic.
Not purely poetic (as proverbs of old
Will speak of things fashioned as out of pure gold)
But poetic in all the great movement and sweep
Of a tide that is rising with surge and with leap
Right onward and upward,—"Deep calling to Deep."

Now only can Poetry,—rhythms of Song,—
Song great as dumb silence, having brooded as long,—
Only this can express a true life that is strong.

For here is a fact that all history rehearses,—
The speech of strong men first broke out in verses.
For strong men are dumb,—or only will mutter,
Until rising passion has forced them to utter.
To utter fierce speech that goes rushing and surging
Like cataracts foaming,—like a tide that is urging
Its great masses onward over the ocean,
Even so deepest thought is still linked with emotion,
For no tide has risen or will rise or can,
So great as great thoughts from the soul of a man;
True speech was never at heart sentimental;
'Tis deep as the ocean, wild, stern, elemental;
As plain in intent; as weird in its might,
As the moan of the wind crying out in the Night.
It may laugh, weep or wail; may thunder or hiss

But it cannot be other than just what it is.
For God has so fashioned the heart of his creature,
He must bring to his task every ounce of his nature.
He can leave nothing out, heart, brain, body, soul,
Except at the risk of impairing the whole.
Yet, alas, men today are failing to bring to
Their labor the strength fit for what they would do.
So eager, ambitious or restless are they
Ere their strength has been ripened, 'tis frittered away."

13

Just here as he paused for a minute or so,
A shrill cry of "Fire!" arose from below;
Looking out of the window we witnessed a sight
Which forced from Apollo a cry of delight;
And one which he said he'd remembered for long:—
Down the street like the wind to the clang of a gong,
Came the Fire Marshal's buggy; the hose cart and then

The great Hook and Ladder truck loaded with men:
Next thundered the engine, surging down through the street,
Hurled on by two horses whose iron-shod feet
Struck sparks from the cobbles, while in front and on high,—
His arms stretching forward; a flash in his eye
The driver kept sheering along with a smile
As if a small miss was as good as a mile.
Through a crowded street, mind you! where a glance couldn't show
An opening where even a sunbeam could go,
These ponderous fire engines went reeling and swaying
As if their brave work was the simplest of playing.
At last good Apollo seemed enthused with the town;—
"Come! don't let us miss it," he cried, "let's go down!"
I turned to the authors, "I own 'tis with sorrow,
I leave so abruptly. We'll see you tomorrow!"
Which Apollo said, too, was his earnest desire,
Then as eager as boys we ran off to the fire.
We followed the crowd which swarming like bees

Swept forward as on an invisible breeze:
'Twas as if a great dam of humanity broke
At the first cry of fire and the first sight of smoke.
Great columns were rising. The sky growing red
Was guiding us forward. Fast and faster we sped,
Until ere we knew we suddenly came
In sight of a twelve story building aflame.
Below and around people flooded the ways,
One cried as we passed; "She'll make a good blaze!"
But the many all silent, scarce drawing their breath,
Stood as if in the presence of Life and of Death.
Very swiftly and deftly like beavers the men
Screwed the hose to the fire plugs, and steadily then
While the crowd was roped back, (in spite of its ire)
The firemen and hosemen kept fighting the fire:
They faced it like heroes. So fearlessly fought her
That slowly the flames gave way to the water.
Just for a minute! then the fire from the windows,
Bright as the staring-eyed Gods of the Hindoos,

Though seeming subdued, grew suddenly madder,
And rose up again. When the shrill cry of "Ladder!"
Went up from the throng insistent and human—
For there through the smoke shone the face of a woman.
A ladder was brought; run up to the building;
A fireman sprang on it and never once yielding
When tongues of hot flame shot outward, right onward
He climbed till he seized and bore her safe downward.
When at last he reached earth, in delirious joy
Of proud admiration rose the shout of "good boy!"
The lowest man there felt a high glow of honor
At the sight of the deed; and he bowed to the donor.
But as for the building none thought of the owner;
A curious fact and one that seems funny
In view of our daily mad struggle for money.
Scarce half an hour passed since the red flames had burst
From the roof ere the crowd had mostly dispersed.

As Apollo and I went slowly along
Said he "Your best men are courageous and strong,
Some day they will clean up some of your wrong,
Supplanting low motives with beauty and song:
Some time they will see that reverence for right
Will bring like a flash all good things in sight.
They will strive for that Greatness for which they were born,
They will visit all Smallness with smiling eyed scorn,
Till all will perceive what a foolish disgrace
All doings must be save what's done for the race.
When the good of a Race is most wisely conserved,
Each man of the race is most practically served!"

"I thank you," said I, "that is all that we need,—
To let our good out and to keep in our greed!"
Looking then at my watch, I stopped on the spot
Exclaiming; "I'm sorry, but, alas, I forgot!"
"What's the matter?" Apollo inquired in a tone
Which made me rejoice that we were alone.

"Why! you see," I replied, "I sent out to Cupid
And Athena a message, I know it was stupid,
But I have been eager to have them come in
To see where you have so delightfully been.
But where are they now and what have they done,
When they came to the Annex and found us both gone?"
"Come! come!" said Apollo, "don't flutter this way;
You act as if something had wandered astray."
"Of course," I replied, "any man is remiss
Who leaves women alone in a city like this."
"No doubt," said Apollo, "I infer from the air
Of your ladies they demand a great deal of care.
While your working girls, being of work-a-day stuff
Demand (or obtain at least) scarcely enough.
Athena, however's no lady or elf
But a woman well able to care for herself.
No slim waisted, dainty or simpering thing,
She's a queen who is equal to any born King.
Such a woman as some of yours are that I see

And such as all motherly women should be."
"Nay! nay!" I replied, "all our women expect
The men to be gallant—I mean the select!"
Said Apollo in manner most courteously bland;
"Gallant? now I do not quite understand.
On Olympus we usually follow the plan
Of thinking a woman as good as a man,
Save when she bears children, naturally then
She attains higher honor than the noblest of men.
For a mother's a mother. All mothers who do
Their duty at home do a Nation's work, too.
Though men bring the timbers for roof and for dome,
The Women lay the real foundations of home.
Over petting a woman oft leads to the sequel
Of making her less than your fair honest equal!"

A moment thereafter we came on a crowd,
Surrounding two persons while a voice shrill and loud
Was explaining in tones more doubtful than strong

That the Court would decide and "to come right along."
As the crowd spread apart, there who did we see
But Athena and Cupid looking fine as could be.
Apollo sprang forward and cried as he clasped
Them both in his arms; "We have found you at last."
The policeman then said in a rich Irish brogue,
"That boy should be watched, sir. 'Tis the bit of a rogue.
'Twas my duty, sir, made me do just what I did;
They are dressed up too breezy—especially that kid."
As we went gaily onward in searching the street,
With Athena and Cupid, after something to eat,
A street gamin cried,—(who expected a seizure)
"If I had such legs, I'd not cover them either."
To which a companion in the heartiest tone
Said "Kit Carson, ye're right. You're ideas are me own!"
We were soon near a place where we saw a sign state
This interesting fact: We serve the Earth while you wait."
"Let us stop," I exclaimed, "but we mustn't eat slow
If we all want to be in good time for the show."

Going in, we sat down; but scarcely were seated,
When a waiter appeared and presently greeted
All four with a nod as if half afraid,
He would lose track of Time if he ever delayed.
We ordered and tasting the messes we had,
We agreed we weren't hungry and tried to look glad.
Then paying the bill to a pretty cashier,
I inquired of my friends what they wanted to hear:
"Well now," said Apollo, "as for we three I say,
The thing to catch us is a popular play.
A town is composed not of nabobs but people;
You can't judge a church by the height of its steeple.
Nor can you judge nations by two or three classes;
You must study the millions composing the masses."
"Very well," I replied, "I will take you to one
Composed by a man whose illusions are gone;
Who struggling with valor and toiling with grit,
After failing to make any sort of a hit,
Flung his dreams to the wind and now writes for the pit.

Yet being sound minded with a good sturdy hand,
He has made such a play as the millions demand."
We went to McVickers. In the middle parquet,
We sat as the curtain rose up on the play.

14

In Old Kentucky,—its name was. Now on the spot,
I only can give you a sketch of the plot;
'Twas a drama of races and trainers and horses,
With all the exciting talk of race courses;
It showed how a jockey turned hero because
He thwarted the villain—and brought down applause—
By preventing the wretch (with a lie on his face)
From poisoning the winner before a great race.
The house was packed full, and was dreadfully warm;
'Twixt acts the talk buzzed like bees when they swarm;
We saw every bit and when it was through
I decided to go as most play goers do,

In search of the best eating house I could find,
To ease both our hunger and the state of our mind.
A few steps away upon Madison street,
We soon were at rest each one in a seat,
A beautiful place and from where we sat down,
We saw gaily enter the bon-ton of the town.

They entered by dozens in the finest of clothes,—
Some with their husbands; some with their beaux;
And some with—I doubt if the Lord himself knows.
All sorts and conditions of people who wore
Very much the same air as the nobles of yore.
High steppers were there whose icicle mien
Presupposed a born grace not invariably seen;
Their noses were tilted like a lord who commands;
Though their eyes oft were dull, they had sparkling hands.
An air of adornment was certainly spread
Over faces and lips undeniably red.

As country girls owning fresh cheeks of delight
Will oft turn them into the ghastliest white.
Thus frequently people who act the most brown
Are folks from the country who have just come to town.
But others were there of a wholesomer sort,
Pretty and handsome; tall, medium and short;
Some neatly attired with such womanly graces
Their manners were sweet as the mold of their faces.
Some with the same winsome natural color
As any real rural and noble Maud Muller.
One sat like a flower; like a beautiful rose,
Around whose fair features May's scented wind blows.
Her smile seemed to be one the angels had given;
Her eyes showed the light of the blue sky of Heaven.
She sat like a fairy so daintily chaste
That all other splendors looked cheap and misplaced.
While high over all and more wondrous by far
Were her eyes that seemed lit by the light of a star.

Meanwhile round the tables the people were talking;
From one to another the waiters kept walking;
Jokes, puns and good stories and mirthfulness flew
Like new tennis balls. So we started up too,—
Not to joke but exchange an opinion or two.
Said I to Apollo, "Well, what do you think?"
With a twinkling smile and the mere trace of a wink,
Said Apollo to me: "It was clever of course,
But the finest thing in it, seems to me, was the horse."
Then, proceeding he said in a serious tone:—
"It was all very good, very sturdy and human,
Yet it somehow reminds me of that type of woman
Whose love is self-love—with no more relation
To love that is real than a lie to creation.
It wanted high motive and thinking that rears
A drama that touches both laughter and tears.
For laughter and tears are most nearly allied;
Life never could live save with Death as a bride.
Men must furnish high motive and evermore higher

If a Race shall continue to rise and aspire.
Do you know of the work of a playwright and a poet
William Shakespere by name? You've heard it? You know it?"
"He's our noblest bard; we love him and show it;
We all become English whenever we read,
The great splendid dramas of Shakespere. Indeed,
We still are all struggling to equal his creed;
We are working and hoping some day we will grow
To the height that he set us in days long ago.
We go to his plays and count ourselves lucky;
But most of our own are like this of Kentucky.
Which shunning the morbid and airy and mystic
Descends with a dive to the rude realistic.
Because they feel dreamings so often prove futile
They lean to the other side—that is the brutal.
Gay gambling and red lights in every blunt feature
They give on the plea that 'tis plain human nature."

"I see," said Apollo, "and you fight it in vain,
I prefer my humanity not quite so plain.
I would relegate realism back to the shelves;
Too oft it makes men lose all faith in themselves.
As a matter of fact human nature is greater
Than the forms in which any—save poets,—create her.
These poor prosy writers who endeavor to show her
As an immodest huzzy simply don't know her.
Great actions are never achieved by great schemings;
Great deeds always come from high noble dreamings.
For there's nothing more true than that men are most fond,
Of the Glories above and the Wonders beyond.
Not the Fact that they see but the Hopes that they feel
Bring men to the truths which the Heavens reveal.
No survey of a mud-puddle ever shall win it,—
This truth men desire,—but the Stars mirrored in it.
As in days of Isaiah men's footsteps are led,
Not by looking around but by looking ahead—
When Heaven,—and not the Devil,—shall win them,

Men rise on the good lying fallow within them.
Not by winking at Evil but rather when glancing
On high at the Stars is mankind advancing.
Though duties on Earth can by no means be shifted,
'Tis by constant uplooking that men's souls are uplifted.
Yet the morals of men will never grow torpid,
Till they learn to devour the tainted and morbid.
Yet when Life becomes morbid and Art goes astray
Let the Artists go out in the broad light of day.
Drink the atmosphere in and open their eyes,
To the original source of all mental supplies.
Cast out your old notions,—as if they ne'er knew you,
Then let the clean Northwind go whistling right through you,
You will frolic with joy and be ready to shout,
To find how much nonsense Mother Nature knocks out.
I am pleased," he continued, "nay! joyed to observe,
That your men are all healthy—that praise they deserve—
Although physical health very often restrains

A man from perfecting the force of his brains.
Yet that brain has a drag-net to thwart it and bind it,
Which does not possess a strong body behind it."

Just then as I looked at the clock overhead,
In a hurry, I jumped to my feet and I said;
"Excuse me, my friends. There's no minute to spare,
If you wish to go out to the country for air."
"We do," said Apollo as quick as a flash;
So paying the waiter we all made a dash,
And were barely in time for the twelve o'clock car,
Which soon flashed us on like a moveable star.
As an historical fact I suppose I should tell
We had boarded the Metropolitan L.
As onward we danced skimming over the track,
The city lights gleamed like a new zodiac.
While into the windows as we rapidly sped,
We now and then saw people going to bed.

My plan was to take them to hear the refrains
Of wind and of water beside the Desplaines.
Near the village of Riverside lies a place where
The camping is splendid and also the air.
In the meantime while gazing around and on high
At the face and inscrutable eyes of the sky,
I was gradually forced to perceive and to feel
How much city life is unsound and unreal.
Compared to God's handiwork mankind can never
Succeed in creating aught more than just clever.
How small seemed the town with its wealth and its love,
Compared to the vast and deep Heavens above!
Above shone the stars with their silvery light;
Around was the magic and mystery of Night;
While somehow I fancied I heard the sweet croon
Of a low serenade sung under the Moon.
As thus I was musing Apollo said; "Pray
Now whither and wherefore are we running this way
In this curious thing that flies on like a bird?"

I waited a minute to get at the word,
Which perhaps could explain the simplest laws
Relating to what electricity was.

At last I remembered, "You have witnessed," said I,
"The lightning that cleaves in a storm through the sky,
Well, we're drawn by chained lightning. That now is why"—
I proceeded no further. With a horrified cry,
They rose all together, with wild rolling eye,
"Help! Help!" cried Athena. "Help" cried Apollo.
"Help!" shouted Cupid. I started to follow,
As they ran for the door which the trainman held to.
Then stopping the cars asked what he should do.
"Are they all bound for Dunning, Sir. How could ye be
So brash as to try to take care of them three?"
"Be careful," I cried, "don't you open the door!
My friends never rode on a trolley before.
We've been seeing the sights but this one is such
That it seems to be just a trifle too much."
As the train started up, its easy control,

Restored a lost peace to the state of their soul.
But they never quite fully recovered their ease,
Until we alighted and we heard the night breeze
Softly moving the leaves on the limbs of the trees.
'Twas the first of October—not a trace of the damp—
So we very soon picked out a place for our camp.
Here being at home, they all worked with a will,
So with branches and leaves and a touch of rare skill
They constructed two huts. 'Twas the end of the day.

Looking up as upon the clean oak leaves I lay,
I said as I watched the stars far away;
"Who but loves thee, O Night. Who cannot but see
Great visions of Hope in gazing at thee?
What magical mysteries twinkle afar
With the silver white light of thy evening star?
What glances of Joy,—what smiles of delight
Are descending from thee, O thou eyes of the Night?"
Thus watched by the Stars and blessed by their gleams,
We drifted away to the fair land of Dreams.

Canto III.

CANTO III.

Did you ever awake feeling clean as the dew,
On the petals of roses recreated anew;—
With your heart running over with gladness and glee,
Like the wings of a bird or the leaves of a tree?
With a slumberous wonder of marvelling mirth
At the greatness and goodness and peace of the earth,
And of how Mother Nature still tries to restore
Wherever men love her,—the lost Eden of yore?

Even so did I wake and I opened my eyes
To another Day's gracious and unseen surprise.
The Morning seemed bending right downward and over,
Like the eyes of a maid on the face of her lover.
'Twas as if I had felt a Dryad's caressing,
Or as if the fairies had left me their blessing.
I rose on the instant. I felt at the least
That I was a demigod. The grey in the East,
Was untinted as yet by Aurora's adorning,

When I heard close behind me Apollo's "Good-morning!"
I turned and right there smiling gaily at me
All dressed in their best was that family of three.
Again I was forced to admire both their grace,
Proportion of form and fineness of face,
With the simple attire of a superior race.
"Good morning,"—said I, "and now how do you do?"
"We're fine," said Apollo, "and we're waiting for you."
"But the sun isn't up," I answered. "God bless you,"
Said he, "five hours' good sleep should refresh you
If taken mid silence in peace and in quiet,
Instead of among your hells made of riot;
Nature's way is the best, Town folks ought to try it."
"I reckon you're right. I agree with your word;
For to tell you the truth, I feel like a bird!"—
As I ran to the river to wash, far away
The prairies were lit by the dawnings of Day:—
Faint rosy lights flushed all the clouds as with fire;
Then slowly each moment, mounting higher and higher,

More bright and more ruddy; more red and more fair,
Like an Empress, Aurora oped the curtains of Air,
Then waited a moment as if to adorn
The cradle of Day,—and lo! came the Morn.
While behind crowded Sunbeams one after one,
Round the regal and royal great form of the Sun.
As a royalist follows the eyes of his King,
I looked at the Sun,—that imperial thing;—
That symbol of Beauty; that marvel of Might;
That source of all Power and Joy and Delight!
When great deeds are fashioned; when great things are won,
'Tis the light of thine eyes which inspire them, O Sun.
Thou foe of all base things: thou friend of all free,
All hail and all honor, mighty Sun, unto thee!

2.

Running up to the bank and back to the fire,
I cried, "I'll be there ere your patience expire.
A cup full of chocolate,—a biscuit or so,

Will serve for my breakfast and then we will go."
In scarcely ten minutes I said to Apollo;—
"I am ready to lead if you're ready to follow.
This being your last day, I want to enquire
How you wish to return to the city. By wire?—
I mean by trolley? or train?" "Well, we three desire,"
Said Apollo, "to walk." It will please us at least,
Your town cannot be very far to the East!"
"What, walk?" I exclaimed, surprised and aghast,
"It's a good eleven miles." There-on a smile passed
Over their faces as he said: "On my soul,
What's that but a mild little holiday stroll?"
I winced just a bit, then assenting aloud,
I cried: "Come! I'll try to keep up with the crowd.
I used to walk once. Now I ride on the trains."
Once again a cute smile flitted over three brains.
As gently as when meekly somebody begs
Your pardon, he said: "What becomes of your legs
If you give them no use?" "Why, well, now you see,

We oft walk a mile—sometimes two or three."
"Good gracious!" cried Apollo, "that wouldn't do me."
He turned to Athena, "Did you hear that, my Dear,
"Was its like ever heard?" "Not in many a year,"
Athena replied, "but the manners are queer,
I've several times noticed around about here."

So we started on foot for Chicago as gaily
As if we paced off those eleven miles daily.
Soon the fair groves of Riverside lay far behind us;
While in front far ahead rose stray roofs to remind us
That we were approaching that great human hive
Where gamesters live nobly, where noble men strive
Very often to keep soul and body alive;—
Where all things are plenty; all wit and all wealth
(Save possible slumber and fresh air and health.)
That place sympathetic—and yet without pity,—
That wise, foolish, noble chaos called a City.
The trail that we traveled was running abreast

Of the railroad and soon, as might have been guessed,
My friends were all busy in watching the cars,
Which whizzed through the morning like so many stars;
"They seem to be full," said Apollo at last,
As the six forty-six went whistling past.
"Who are all those people?" Then I told him the story
Of how thrifty enterprise gave us our glory:
How the labor of men—each one in degree,—
Has erected the great wondrous city we see.
Thus we jogged on in patience, the day growing clearer,
And ever the City gleaming nearer and nearer.

3.

The streets were all paved now; the lamps by the way,
And the curbings of stone stood in regular array.
At Lawndale (of late but a country town wholly
Which is now in the city connected by trolley)
We boarded a car. It was seven o'clock,

So I told them I wouldn't walk another half block,
"For I tell you, good friends, you're a little bit green.
You haven't a notion what remains to be seen."
"Very true," said Apollo, "yet I guess if you try
You will get us around—for these cars seem to fly."

We were running that minute through Douglas Park,
So I said to Apollo,—just for a lark,—
"Could Olympus show anything equal to these?"
And I looked at the greenery swayed by the breeze.
"No," said Apollo, "not such pitiful trees,
They seem to be sick; I presume that they choke,
Like me in the midst of this merciless smoke."
Then, observing some golf-players taking the air,
Said he; "What gay folks are those in red over there?"
"Those are golfers," said I. "What's golf?" he enquired.

Then I went on explaining until I was tired,
Ending thus, after saying how the game was admired;

"You see when the Scotch clans had fought to a finish,
Their blood growing cooler and possibly thinnish,
They invented this game to remind them again
Of the glorious days when they used to be men,—
Men fierce, unsubdued who still had a pride
In works that were great in a world that was wide.
"You must know," I continued, "folks living in town,
Find a need for fresh air or else they break down.
Especially thinkers. This course is a mile;
Men must stretch out their muscles once in a while."
"And that's how they do it," he said with a smile.
I exclaimed very gently "you cannot conceive,
The way things are run in this land where I live."
Said Apollo; "I've a notion; I really believe,"
Then he calmly continued, and not the least bitter,—
"Real life is composed not of clatter and glitter.
Like the Dervish who dances to death on his toes,
One half of your troubles are self-imposed woes.
You are in this position,—tis woeful but true,—

When all your great ownerships simply own you."

What I would or could say, I hadn't a guess
When off to one side, I saw Hebard's Express
Above a huge warehouse. In front of the place
The streets were encumbered with wagons and drays;
I turned to Apollo with relief and with joy:—
"I remember that fellow when I was a boy.
Though then but a small one, his business has grown
From one to a hundred teams, each one his own.
Yet the rise of his business was the least of God's plan;
The best was revealed in the growth of the man.
There were rumors in those days of a family need,
(In Chicago all fathers do not always succeed)
But whatever the reason he buckled right down,
And today is a credit and a pride to the town.
A type of the old fashioned—new fashioned—man;
Built up on a useful—not a gambling—plan.

4.

Mere Honesty still is far better than Knowledge!"
Here we hove into sight of Rush Medical College;
The Cook County Hospital; School for Trained Nurses;
And many more schools too prosaic for verses.
At Van Buren and Ogden we all four alighted,
For which glad relief they seemed most delighted.
Said I: "At the corner of Wood over there
Was once an old mansion occupying the square.
Green lawns were around it and bushes and trees,
Whence robins and lilac-blooms came on the breeze."
"Now the beauty and grace of it scattered and gone"
Said Apollo "all withered by the mere touch of stone,"
"And you folks the martyrs left behind to atone."
"Yes! this great mighty region was improved very soon."
"Like this corner—with a Drug-store and a Saloon,"
Commented Apollo as we went on our way
"Two sided improvements permit me to say."

5.

One block to the Eastward, I said to Apollo;
"Have you noticed how Memory continues to follow
Though a man leaves his home far behind as a swallow?
Do you see where the Alley L Road's cutting through
That block of brick buildings? A girl I once knew
Lived there. Her rollicking face and clear eyes of blue
Laughed out to the world with a glad, Howdy'e do!
A fairy she seemed (and such fairies are few)
I watched her as violets watch stars through the dew,
Lying low on the ground when the spring time is new."

We came to a boulevard, Ashland, and then
I asked them to stop for a minute again;
"This street once the best on this side of the city
Has become a pathetic site for a ditty;
For a sad sombre requiem fitted to say
How swiftly in cities all good things decay.

This once was a beautiful, elegant street,
The promenade loved by our noblest elite.
At Jackson lived Carter H. Senior. Down there
Abode Mike McDonald, the modestly fair;
Who wishing and hoping some day to rise into
Society put up his bust in the window;
To prove to a town of commercial highways
That in material eras pure gambling still pays.
He didn't attempt to cover with clover
His plain blunt intentions nor guild cunning over,
For whether very badly or indifferently good
The community knew where Michael's mind stood.

Up the way a bit farther (same side of the street)
Lived old Allen Pinkerton. I would repeat
Though Allen's mere face indicated the sleuth,
It also possessed pleasant features in truth."
Said Apollo; "Here's a viewpoint; a veritable goal,
I perceive in a nutshell your life as a whole;

Mayor, gambler, detective:—cheek and by jowl:
Each looking, I doubt not, calmly after his own;
Each imploring the Fairies to let him alone—
Thus arise your great men, each one to his throne."

We passed a great factory from where twasn't far
To the corner of Halsted where we boarded a car,—
A trolley that whizzed us in ten minutes down
To Hull House,—on the edge of the slums of the town.
Alighting at Hull House, said I: "You will see
What new types of heroes our women can be."
"I'll rejoice," said Apollo, "to note and to know
That your women aren't all in this game of pure show."
"Our women," said I, "have the same high emotion
Which wafted Columbus over the ocean.
This movement is facing the Demons of Night,
To scatter their darkness by the sight of its light;
'Tis bringing," I added, "untold Good and Delight."
Said Apollo, with a comical shrug and a stare,—
"I wish it would banish that saloon over there;"

Those comments were all. In scarcely a minute,
The house seemed to change when once we were in it.
At the door we were met by a girl with a face
Like a modern Madonna of such sweetness and grace,
Apollo observed we'd mistaken the place.
We enquired for Jane Addams and finding her out,
As I told them we should do without any doubt,
I asked the Madonna to show us about.
Remarking in answer to her querying mien,
That we wanted to see everything to be seen.
So we went through the house from parlor to hall,—
Saw school room and restaurant, bindery and all;
We saw the gymnasium, the theatre, too,
Where the club in dramatics show what they can do.

As we thanked the Madonna, Apollo seemed stirred
To the depths of his soul; "I have seen; I have heard:
At last I perceive that some people are thinking
Along the right lines; that some are not blinking

The facts that confront you. But where, I would ask,
Are your strong men? Here is the Hercules' task.
Why is it your men palter, shrink and evade
These tasks by pretending that real work is trade?
Your Abraham Lincolns whom you love to make known,
Spent very few years on work purely their own;
'Twas their Country and Race which they gallantly served:
Why allow Greed to grab what such men have preserved?"

As Apollo paused here, I started to utter
Those olden excuses about bread and butter;
When backward he came with a flash in his eye,
While his voice had the ring of a passionate cry:
"Now mind you! this scramble for riches today
Is in no wise connected in any sane way
With the honest day labor that furnishes food
For a good wholesome home and a rollicking brood;
Don't confuse for a minute the labor that woos
From out of the Earth the money for shoes,

For food and for clothing and the everyday things
Which the coming of babies naturally brings,
With this wolfish, inordinate animal strife,
Which hungers and thirsts for the luxuries of life."

6.

What he said being true, I didn't open my mouth,
But hailing a car we went whizzing off South.
The people on board were from many a nation,—
A sample of our democratic creation:—
Five Jews and three Greeks and one dark Armenian:
Six Irish, three Poles, two Swedes and one Syrian;
A Magyar, two Chinese and one lithe Illyrian.

As we came near a school, I saw with delight,
That his features relaxed and his smiling grew bright.
For the very first whoop an urchin had given
Seemed to strike good Apollo like the music of Heaven.

Perceiving my chance, I remarked; "Here you see
The bulwark protecting and keeping us free,—
Our free Public Schools; and please understand,
There are thousands more scattered all over the land."
Said Apollo; "Your schools are certainly grand:
Your truth is clear truth and you all seem to mean it,
But why do you sandwich such lies in between it?"
I was going to answer when a smell in the air
Forewarned me that somehow I better not dare;

As we turned toward the smell, lo! the Stockyards were there.
Great acres of corrals for sheep, pigs and cattle;
Long trains coming in with screech, bang and rattle;
As we entered, one sight of the hog-killing section
Made Apollo instanter wish to change our direction;—
"Let me right out of this! I'll agree to conceive
Whatever you say that I ought to believe.
By the by, now I wish you would settle a doubt
In regard to some structures I couldn't make out:

What buildings were those along there by the river,
Whose hideous hugeness made my very bones shiver?
In bulk and in height they seemed to be able
To pose for the part of the old Tower of Babel."
"Elevators!" I cried, "for the storage of wheat."
Said Apollo: "Pray eat more wheat and less meat."

7.

Down Halsted we walked from the Stockyards to where
Fifty-first Boulevard loomed up with an air
Of symmetrical beauty both gracious and fair.
Said I: "From the worst I propose to reveal
Our best from the seats of an automobile.
And next time, no doubt, our town can be seen
From the airy broad wings of a Flying Machine."
I stepped to a drugstore and telephoned where
Our party was waiting. Soon the Auto was there;
"Don't you dare be afraid for we'll never go slow:
Are all of you ready? Now then, let her go!"

As easy as feathers afloat on the breezes;
As light as a cloud that does as it pleases;
As swiftly as swallows in cleaving the blue,
Or foam on the wind, right onward we flew.
The things far in front, soon came to remind us
Of something we left far back there behind us.
We skimmed right along like a log on a skidway:
Through Washington Park and out on the Midway,
Which broad, straight and smooth stretched away for a mile.
Right here good Apollo gave a bit of a smile;—
"Well, friend, I will own that I wouldn't have guessed
What you people can do when you're doing your best.
If all was like this, I'd spare the diversity."
Just here we approached the great University.
Requesting the Driver to stop for a minute,
And alighting, I took my famous friends in it;—
"You have heard about smoothing troubled waters with oil;
Well, this is a stroke at the same kind of toil."
As we went up a Hall, coming in from the air,

I showed them the Founder's face hanging up there:
I told of his smartness ever since he was young:
Said Apollo;—"That subject deserves to be hung."

We went out of doors; "There are thousands attend
The courses taught here to which there's no end."
Said Apollo; "Quality counts, not quantity, friend.
Don't squander your praises nor waste your elation;
There are many shrewd forms of self-glorification.
When Self plays the Saint, man merely has pinned
A truth down to earth with a needle of wind.
Remember that often theVision seems given
To rich men to purchase their way into Heaven.
The habit of buying increases (its odd)
Till people unconsciously think to buy God.
Though you cover them over with beautiful gilding,
Still motives will shine through the stones of a building.

My friend, let no mere or sheer bigness astound you,
Unless tis the great wondrous green Earth around you.
False teaching may teach men to sanctify Wrong,
By ding-donging through them the Time-Servers song,
Of how to best bow to and kow to the throng
Of notable people who will help you along;
Thus showing young men how to toast their sweet toe—es;
To do the safe thing and to take the safe poses,
Till their pathways are lined with dollars and roses."

8

That minute approaching round the corner of Foster,
A college girl came and we stopped to accost her:
At least fair Athena did:—"I'll be delighted,"
We heard the girl cry, "Of course you're invited:"
Then turning to us, said Athena, "I'll stay;
I desire to investigate. I'll find my own way;
Four o'clock at the Annex; will that suit you, pray?

As for you, Master Cupid, I fear tis in vain"—
Just here the girl whispered; "Please let him remain!
He is such a cute boy. I am sure the girls all
Will simply be wild up there in our Hall;
He seems to be fitted for romping and running;
What nice clothes he wears; now isn't he cunning!"

It being thus settled, since that maid was so kind,
Apollo and I left the others behind:
Left the colleges, too, whose dark greyish stone
Have happily no ancient sins to atone.
(We are too youthful yet to have sins of our own.)

In our automobile we went skimming along,
For Life was a breeze and old Time was a song;
Pitta-pat went our hearts, while our gong went ding-dong!
The Earth bubbled over with rippling laughter:
The tennis courts near us, before us and after
Were dancing with players; while down the smooth slopes
Rolled merry-eyed children, gay bundles of hopes.

As swiftly we ran as a meteor's spark;
So we presently came into old Jackson Park:—
"Here is where the World's Fair was presented," said I.
Apollo said slowly, impressively, "My!
You surely did well, I'm delighted to say,
In getting your rubbish all out of the way."
The great beds of flowers were abloom; and as fine
As the young folks out rowing; whereas the bright shine
On the Park police helmets looked almost divine.
I was watching Apollo to shun his next break,
When we suddenly came full in sight of the lake.
Far away stretched the water, a disk of bright ore;
While nearer at hand and in sight of the shore,
The Life-Saving Crew were at practise. Their stroke
In its regular sweep of a sudden awoke
The heart of Apollo till his rising zeal broke
Right over all bounds; and time and again
He admiringly shouted, "Aye, there are the men!"
I replied; "I am glad you'd the good luck to see 'em."

Just here we curved in at the great Field Museum.
We passed through the turnstile whose guardians look
As proper as soldiers in a child's picture book.
Then we saw many remnants from all sorts of races,
All mounted and labelled in the nicest glass cases.
There were relics galore,—Egyptian, Phoenician;
Assyrian, Persian; Chinese and Grecian;
From Java, Japan, Australia and Finland;
Iceland and Greenland—both shore-land and inland:
Spear heads and deer heads and peace pipes and pheasant;
Lead and dead samples of Past and of Present:
There were vases and bracelets, Greek, Roman, Etruscan;
Sandals and tunics and togas and buskin;
Gorillas were there from whom we descended,
But whose faces somehow we seem to have mended.
"What a wonderful place! and who would believe
The world was so varied in which we all live.
How few things the Present can ever retrieve
From the grave of the Past. How little men leave,

With all of their struggling and straining and strife,
Except scattered hints of their manner of life?
Now what will you show when like these olden men
Your might has come down to the scratch of a pen,—
When your fame's a mere name, what will you show then?"—
Apollo asked gravely. "We've some Japanese screens,
And several good models of Flying machines:
More-over we have, so good witnesses say,
Made marvellous things out of paper-mache."

As our automobile whizzed us forth on our way.
Said Apollo: "I fear you'll be laid on the shelf,
Except for some trinkets kept perchance for their pelf;
Now the type of your building is this structure itself."

9.

I merely remarked upon hearing this rub;
"It is pretty near time to return to the Club;
We've been out on the spokes; let's get back to the Hub.

Now if you will promise not to cut any caper,
I will take you around to a modern newspaper."
At the sound of "newspaper," an eagerness curled
Round the eyes of Apollo; "Those lights of the World?
If you'll show me a paper, I swear I'll be good;
I'll be good as I can if only you would."
"I will," I rejoined, "but don't bank too much on
What you may see. There's a blot on their 'scutcheon,
Though it's being wiped off by one John T. McCutcheon:—
A man so infernally, diurnally bright,
He will draw what no writer would venture to write.
The Public will hark to the raciest strictures,
When the points are presented to them in pictures."
At which good Apollo most quietly smiled;—
"The time-honored way with every bad child.
An artist?" he queried. "Without any doubt:
But one who is going to work himself out;
At least so I fear unless he takes care
To woo the true Fairies of Sun and of Air."

After leaving the Park several paces behind,
Our bodies were jolted and likewise our mind
By a quick turn to westward; there within reach
Loomed up the huge Inn—the old famed Chicago Beach.
Neath the Illinois Central we ran like a flash;
Past the Hyde Park Hotel we made a good dash;
Then westward we rode down Fifty-first Street,
(Boulevarde, I should say) like the wind and as fleet.
Till skirting enough vacant acres to vex all
Real Estate agents, we turned into Drexel:
Along the gay way with the green in between—
We sped till we scarcely could see or be seen.
There being two roadways,—and making no sound,—
We were safe since there wasn't a policeman around.
"This racing is pleasant. I truly opine,"
Cried Apollo, "that very few things are so fine:
Now these are good houses and yards. Come, I say,
Why don't you build some down your Halsted Street way?"
"But these are expensive!" said I, "All the more,

Are they suited to fill out the needs of the poor;
Men born to good things to the good will belong;
But why give your strength to those already strong?"

I replied: "We don't give nor would if we could;
Each person attains to whatever he should."
"But how," said Apollo, "then do you restrain
Those men who use cunning and craft with their brain?"
"Restrain?" I exclaimed, "why, when any aspire
To live by their brains, we push them up higher.
'Tis respect for pure brains that explaineth in part,
Why we as a Nation are so wonderfully smart."
"So smart," sighed Apollo, "that men with a million,
Will soon be endeavoring to make it a billion.
As every new fortune looms up into sight,
'Twill have its own henchmen to laud up the Right
Of the laws that protect and that foster its might.
There is many a man,—sometimes even a scholar
Who can't see the Truth o'er the rim of a dollar.

I see how it's done," said Apollo, "you drum
A regular tune of,—Great Mammon, we come;
Thou only art great: God now is Tom Thumb;
Real music subsiding and everything dumb,
You raise sacred hymns to the glory of Gold,
And of everyone doing just what he is told,—
Knuckle down to the game or stay out in the cold!"

10.

"You amaze me, Apollo," I cried, "more and more;
You say what I never dared think of before."
"No doubt," said Apollo, with a look in his eyes,
"You would all ponder more if you only were wise,—
If you noted, I mean, the mere signs on the skies."

11.

Down the boulevarde gaily we speeded along;
Now hither and thither came ripples of song;
While automobiles every now and again

Stopped at palaces suited for demigod men:
Yet the owners we saw were modest and meekly,—
Some of them nervous and some of them weakly,
But the children looked rosy, especially the lasses,
Though many were wearing two golden rimmed glasses.
Apollo resumed in a tone that seemed rough;—
"When some have too much, some can't have enough.
Yet if these men have money and houses and wealth,
The Halsted Street folks have the strength and the health;
While Poverty's hell and Wealth isn't Heaven,
A Nation is safest where things are more even.
Now unless their dear owner drinks or carouses,
Daily Life must be lonesome in some of these houses."
Just then from a mansion came a mother and son;
The mother a saint if there ever was one;
Whose anxiety noted the child's every breath,—
A sweet, gentle boy marked plainly for Death:
It was clear that a fortune was failing to buy
One ounce of real health from the earth or the sky,—

One moment's relief or one atom of joy,
For the pitiful mother or the beautiful boy.
Said Apollo; "Alas, Grief never grows novel,—
'Tis the same in the palace, the farm-house and hovel."

At Thirty-ninth Street, (still doing our best)
We ran for a minute or two to the West,
Then straight to the city like swallows we flew
Down a very swell, very grand, fine avenue.
Apollo I saw was again wide awake;
The beautiful houses seemed somehow to break
On his mind like the music orioles make.
(For all forms of beauty really belong
To the world of pure rhythms; that is, of song.)
Approaching Grant Park, said Apollo, "Why poke
In your civical parlors, this litter and smoke?—
All this factory soot—this poor disarray,
Which makes your rich citizens all go away
To London or Paris; Japan or Cathay?

Of course they are useful,—these engines,—but why
Flaunt forever their ugliness under one's eye?
You wouldn't dare argue,—except to your wife,—
That meals were the end of intelligent life,
Yet daily you will, my Civilized Friend,
Make the means of your living, also the end:—
When will you discover—it must come at length—
That quiet and beauty mean Health, Joy and Strength?"

I answered no word; I nodded my head,
While I nudged our good Driver to hurry, instead,
For I wanted,—although I was almost afraid,—
To show good Apollo our fine Board of Trade.
We alighted full soon, neath a granite arched door:—
It was just one o'clock; every man on the floor;
What a hub-bub it was. Now here and now there,
Men rushed in wild frenzies, with jumbled up hair,
Perspiration on cheek, brow, temple and chin,—
A mad house it might have been we had got in:

While over the roar rose a monotone yell,—
Said Apollo: "'Tis a very good sample of Hell;"
"What are they about? Can anyone tell?"
I managed to say that a live Board of Trade
Was where notable fortunes were now and then made,—
But sometimes were lost by the little Lambs who
Are a little too verdant to know what to do.
As we left, said Apollo; "You are still a surprise;
You seem to have wisdom and yet you're not wise;"

Said I; "Prithee bury this subject and leave it;
Though you utter the Truth very few will believe it:
Now the thousands who're rushing to gamble in stocks,
Have delicate feelings; and Truth often shocks
Their finer perceptions. One mustn't be rude;
And plain truth is really one phase of the nude.
Who gambles with millions will naturally scorn
The dollar card player who broke and forlorn
Is pinched upon Saturday; fined Monday morn."

"Though you've lost some big truths and never have missed 'em,
You have got mental hair splitting down to a system!"—
Commented Apollo and I felt with a sigh,
He was sizing us up with that merciless eye.

12.

Thus debating we rode and amazingly soon
We came to the door of the Chicago Tribune,—
A typical paper (whatever it vaunts to)
Which skims a sharp corner whenever it wants to:
Though a lover of Truth, at command of its party,
It will whoop up a cause in a way that is hearty.
(The Editor's soul in the interim smoulders,
His conscience being left with the noble Stockholders.)
Now a newspaper wouldn't dye truth if it could,
Since all of them know that it pays to be good.
When goodness has turned to a mercantile plan,
You can trust any man to be good as he can.

It is only a greenhorn, an amateur, novice,
Who don't know the power of the modern box-office;
It is only a fool who will venture to utter
What stands in the way of his bread and his butter!
Newspapers know well the proverbs that bless,—
"For succeeding there's nothing on earth like Success:"
We entered the Tribune, and sauntering through,
We left nothing out. I gave him a view
Of the marvellous presses and Linotypes: "Whew!"
He exclaimed; "What machines! Are your people so, too?"
"Not exactly," said I, with a hesitant face,
"But of course we're a very methodical race."
Apollo replied; "I should think you would freeze
Right into machines,—first cousins to these."

From the Press room we presently mounted on high
Up to the Brain-rooms approaching the sky,
Where the visions and dreams of great editors lie.
Then I showed him all this and I showed him all that;

We even tip-toed where the Mogul was at,—
The Managing Editor, that is to say,
Who rules in his automat,—tocratical way,
With a Jupiter-Neptune-Olympian sway;
Dispensing his lightnings, also his thunder,
Upon the poor devils who happen to blunder.
Apollo was moved much more than at college,
By the sight of such clever and versatile knowledge.
He frequently sighed from the depths of his heart,—
"Good heavens! my friend, but you people are smart."

He gazed with an ever increasing surprise,
On their sensitive faces and wide-awake eyes.
While their general energy, vigor and vim,
Appeared to be more than astounding to him.
Then we went to the file-room; and over and o'er,
Read the paper (Apollo ne'er saw one before)
The sight of some scandals toned down his elation.

Then after explaining the daily rotation,
As to how the news came from all over creation,
Said Apollo;—"I see, like the man who was blind,
Temperance of body; intemperance of mind!
Why, daily life here for me were as risky
As big daily draughts of that stuff you call whiskey.
I solemnly say it, and I certainly fear
That I couldn't survive it for even a year.
If a Fairy had told me, I wouldn't believe her,
That people could live in perpetual fever.

No wonder you can't find the Why, Where, or How
Of half of your problems. I see it all now;
No mortals who ever lived under the sun
Could do any better than you folks have done
Under present conditions, whose scope and whose range
Should make you all plead for and pray for a change.
They will kill any race. Though a great race endures
Anything for a time, they will kill even yours.

It were very much better if writers were dumb,
Than slowly, insensibly come under the thumb
On Mammon's advisers, whom nothing restrains
When once they discover that money buys brains.

No man is a man till aflame and athirst
With the love of pure Freedom,—that foremost and first:
The freedom that throbs like the heart of a boy
For the splendor of Life,—for its greatness and joy.
Until he has grown to obey the divine,
Man still is a child crying; Mine! Mama, Mine!"

13.

From the newspaper office, we returned to the air:
How healthy the world seemed! How passingly fair!
How restful the Heavens! and also how high
As we gazed by the windows far up at the sky.
(For the plentifullest crop that cities are yielding
Consists of this sky-scraping, cloud-butting building.

All of which should be almost enough to recall
The proverb that Pride still precedeth a fall.)

Some paces up Dearborn, we turned and we entered
The Club where the brains of the city are centered:
Yet brains which for money seem to run in such haste,
That one might remark they are running to waste.
Though composed of collegians—each man a brother,
The Club as a whole is much like any other,
Where wine-list and kitchen,—both taken together,—
Save members from thinking too much of the weather.
Getting rid of our overcoats, rubbers and bothers,
We found in the corner our friends the two authors:—
"Glad to see you again," they said as they rose,
Warmly shaking our hands; "Pretty tired, I suppose."
Said Apollo, "Well yes. I'll confess that I am;
As for some of your big things, I don't care a clam;
While Life on the Jump is a something that I
Could never endure even if I should try,

But sooner than try I would run off and die.
Not for bread and for butter,—nor even for pie;
Nor for diamonds and sealskins, whose prices are high;
Not for automobiles nor rubber tired wheels,
Nor any new toy that your cuteness reveals;
Nor any pet pride that your Mightiness feels;
Nor any new millions your Stock-Gambler steals;
Not for mansions of stone with a lawn lying bye;
Nor golden-rimmed glasses to hold to my eye;
Not for all of the satins your riches can buy,
Not for dainty fine food nor the richest old Rye;
Not for women who flirt and gad round on the sly;
Not for pug-dogs or lap dogs, old maids deify;
Nor palace steam cars with their up-to-date cry;
Not for all the convenience for which you all sigh,
Would I claim your dear game and I'll tell you all why:—
I prefer to live calmly and simply and know
A fact now and then that is really so;
I prefer one perception to all your Confusions;

I prefer one plain truth to all your Delusions."
As Apollo stopped short, the Authors engaged
In yesterday's tilt seemed somehow assuaged.
Said the one with the smile; "I wish to commend
The views here expressed. They naturally blend
With the strong atmospheric poise of our friend.
And yet though the surface of life in a town
Seems gloomy today, in looking deep down,
I believe I perceive quite enough of pure fire,
To warm this old World when the People look higher.
Men are thinking and brooding; and freedom of thought
Will do in good time everything that it ought.
This thinking and brooding,—though making no sound,—
Like a tidal wave everywhere riseth around.

Now here are some verses that try to portray
The hopes and ideals and faiths of today.
Just hearken a moment and hear what they say:—
"This world was first fashioned upon a mere thought:

Being builded by God it was wonderously wrought,
To be not a battle-field,—neither a toy,
But the home of true freemen,—a Temple of Joy.
Who feels not, O friends, the grace of the Earth?
Its merriment, beauty and rhythms and mirth?
Who sees not when Day out of Darkness is born,
The wonder and splendor and marvel of Morn?
Who feels not far down in the depths of his soul,
We each are a part of a wonderful whole?
Earth being for all why then do we dare
To seek for ourselves such a personal share?

So the word for our voice and the word for our pen,
Is justice for all the conditions of men;
We must make all our Country as glad an abode
As the nest of a robin by a country-side road;
Only thus, only so can this Universe be
A place where all people are equal and free."

14.

Here, resting a minute, he said, looking round:—
"Now how does this new brand of versicles sound?
Of course they're not poetry. Everyone knows
You cannot write songs in an era of prose;
And knowing we're prosy we naturally damn
Any other presentment of facts as a sham."
Nobody replied but we nodded, indeed,
As if we agreed with the new writer's creed,
So skipping a page, he proceeded to read:—

"The trouble today is we're all like Macaulay,
With brains stretched between pure Wisdom and Folly;
What in life we are daily and scornfully spurning
We take in a book on the plea we are learning;
We soar up with Shakespeare and then we will grovel
Down into the dust with a two-penny novel.
When we actually think, our thinking careens
Toward the idolatrous worth of our worthy machines;

A life that's machine-like is our mercantile cry,
While our hearts still belie our cry as a lie.
Now a lie is a lie though its furnishings shine
With a lustre that seems to be really divine;

That is why I would warn you! That is why I would speak;
For the Day shall arrive when the strong shall be weak.
And the Weak shall be strong. For God is on high;
Clear hopes are a-kindling neath the light of his eye:
Change in time, O my Brothers, For well I can see
A Vision of what will inevitably be,
When people who struggle with all of their might,
Win no leisure for sharing Earth's Joy and Delight,—
The great splendors of Day,—the deep glories of Night.
After bearing and wearing it humbly and long,—
Their grey robe of Sorrow, Injustice or Wrong,
Then suddenly, swift as a flame in the air,
From wayside and hill-side; from crevice and lair,
Shall come a vast concourse of men and of women;

More fierce than hot lava because solely human;
It shall over-run Earth; far and wide it shall spread;
The flames shall leap upward; the sky shall grow red,
To the wails of the Dying, and the Dirge of the Dead,
While Furies shall move in their merciless haste
Through the midst of a black, ruined, desolate waste.

15.

My Country! I kneel and I pray unto thee;
Thou beautiful land stretched from sea unto sea,—
Thou symbol of all that a free land should be!
Thou home of great mountains and valleys and plains,
Made fruitful by sunshine and fertile by rains,
God guard thee and keep thee; protect thee and save
Thy soil from the tread both of Tyrant and Slave!
May thy free air inspire us! May we drink from thy breast
The passion for freedom from East unto West,—
From Northward to Southward; where-ever on high
The folds of thy beautiful banners may fly,

May we still for that banner be ready to die;
Remembering the watchword of Mountain and Sea,—
A man's life is no life unless it be free!"

16.

Here the reader stopped reading and placing the book
Back up in the cases, he said with a look,
In which a vast myriad of meanings seemed blent,
"Well, what has my reading of versicles meant?"
Said Apollo; "Your bard is the old-fashioned kind,
Who writes from a sober, athletical mind;

As a fighter your writer will do very well:
In his tone there is something by which I can tell.
For a fighter don't run around crying—Sic Semper!
A fighter keeps cool, thus maintaining his temper;
Not thinking of uniforms, glories or rights or
Anything else save the cause that he fights for."

17.

"And I like a fighter," cried the Critic, "the Lord
Gave Justice a shield and a helmet and sword;
The soldiers of Justice must stand ever ready,
Full armed for the battle, cool-headed and steady.
Where a cause is unjust (though its placemen may shout)
Tis as weak as an Oak with its heart eaten out.
It was worse in the Past. It is better Today;
But fear holds us still in its tremulous sway.

Every man in the land knows conditions are wrong;
Yet who is so brave and who is so strong
As to risk a real change? Now what would I do?
I would strengthen our suit with some fabric that's new:
Retaining the cloth that is strong, like the wife
Who made the good Deacon's suit last all his life,
By watching wherever it seemed to grow thin,
Then inserting a generous and honest patch in.
After seeing repairs to the suit were well made,

I would joyfully don it and not be afraid.
I would cease all this civical petting whatever,
For little pet people no matter how clever.

Nay, should Justice enforce me to ruthlessly sever
From all worthy people all but four of pants,
I would let all the trouserless have a new chance.
The trouble with all of the trend of our life,
Is the fact 'tis too much of an animal strife;
Though we smear it with many an elegant term,
Whenever our Consciences wriggle and squirm.
What sends a dull thief to the Bridewell or jail,
Often helps clever men to live and prevail;
We must learn very soon; learn now or learn never
Not to put such a premium on men merely clever."

Said the smiling-eyed author; "You are slipping a cog,
Like the typical, modern high-sky demagogue."
Said the Critic, roused up as after a jog;—

"My friends, do not fear. Mere words are as wind:
As weak as a woman and man who have sinned;
As swift to be gone as incipient rain,
Which patters a minute o'er the heads of the grain.
As easy to vanish as Dew at the dawn,
Or folks from the heat of a hot summer lawn.
As light as the bloom of a maid in her youth,—
So vain are mere words,—such a nothing in sooth,
Save when based on the solid, ribbed rock of the truth.
If a thing is a falsehood let alone it will die,
For there's nothing so lonely and weak as a lie.
But when you front Truth, 'tis best that you know
Its features and face if you feel it your foe.
Hitherto we have generally feathered our nest
With a mixture of both and the Deil's done the rest.

We have come to fear phrases and facts that are rough,
So we smooth over things like the starchiest cuff;
Then we play Life is pleasant, while we hear a low cry

Rise up from the Earth: and we all wonder why
Our teachings and preachings don't quite satisfy.

In the way of reforms, the dragnet that hinders
Are the people who live and who die amid cinders:
Who often indeed attain to great fame
By playing the old and conventional game.

Forgetting that whether from Hate or from Love,
Life only advances when daring to move.
I reverence Knowledge, though perhaps I don't show it,
But let me go back just a bit to the poet;"
So the Critic once more took the little book down,
Opened up a new page and thus he went on:—

"One lesson shines out from the actions of men,
Who do things and do things and then do things again;
Where-as they are mostly efficient and clear,
They tend to pass Great for the Little things near:

Being merged in the Whirl and at work every minute,
They fail to hear some of the great voices in it.
On the greatest occasions when leaders have won
Great reforms for their race, 'twas not done with a gun,
But by thinking which slowly and surely had grown
Up and still upward when they thought all alone.

Look at Abraham Lincoln! Take the earlier view,
When alone in a village with little to do,
His mind gathered knowledge until it all grew
Into full ripened Wisdom. He never grew dizzy
By being eternally, strenuously busy:
But steadily, calmly; full careful and shrewd,
He let his Heart feel and he let his Soul brood,
Until all his faculties strengthened in power
For the Unseen, All-fated and all-fateful Hour,
When almost alone he was boldly to face
Mad tumults that threatened the life of his race;
While others went hunting or frolicked in riot,

He still gathered Wisdom—but all on the quiet;
'Twas Wisdom (ripe knowledge) and his brooding way, too,
Which eventually aided in carrying him through."

Said the Critic; "Such wisdom we need for our woes;
For wisdom alone can defeat our great foes;
Who robbing the nation; blood-sucking its treasures,
Defy all effective, radical measures,
By pointing in glee (as to Fetich or Token,
Which helped them to gain) to the laws they have broken.
Which laws though majestic, dare not e'en today,
After helping despoil, take despoilings away:—

18.

Now the people at large have never been slow,
In regretting how very little they know;
For thousands of men who ne'er saw a college,
Have a genuine reverence for genuine Knowledge,
And will with the merest, clearest look of an eye,
Distinguish the truth from the cleverest lie.

But in subtler questions where side-issues involve them
The people expect that their leaders will solve them;
Like those Philippine Islands! We took them for gain;
And for gain we will probably gently remain:
(If you wish to discover our motives, indeed,
Please write a wee note to Ambassador Reid.)
A back-step attended with innumerable ills,
That are foolish as colic and as old as the hills.
Yet few men today have the sight and conviction,
To tell true expansion from that which is fiction:
We all want expansion. But tropics aren't yielders
Of work-able homesteads for northern home-builders.
In a nation where homes are the one great equation,
That one point's the main point. (Let's have no evasion.)
So I utter a thought that is starting to grow;—
Let us trade Mother England an island or so;
Retain a good harbor,—since typhoons will blow,—
Then allow the remainder to mercifully go,
(For a fair compensation in bronzes or teas)
To the arms of those plucky, polite Japanese."

19.

Just here from below, ere one of us saw
What it all was about, came the cry of Rah! rah!
Followed straight by the sound of a pushing and urging
Crowd of young fellows. In the midst of the surging,
Some were fluttering flags. Their thick, bushy hair
Was tousled and ruffled like the grizzliest bear;
Yet they were the youths who were mostly in clover;—
"Good gracious," said I, "the football is over;
And while we were quietly, calmly debating,
Athena's been calmly—or otherwise waiting."

So bidding once more the two authors adieu,
We put on our hats and we speedily flew
Down stairs to the Auto; "Come now, let her spin."
"Good land," cried Apollo, "what a rush you are in."
We went like the wind and in scarcely a minute,
We had stopped at the Annex and straightway were in it.
Here again was a mob of Roman-like legions

Of excited, delighted, wine-plighted collegians;
They couldn't have acted much nearer to savages,
If Rome had been sacked and they'd come from its ravages.
And yet though their manners and looks were atrocious,
These collegians were not the least bit ferocious.
They merely were trying by quick inhilation,
To maintain a certain high state of elation,—
As well as a certain female admiration,—
By showing that strong men still live in this nation.
As we plunged through this whirlpool of primitive joys,
Men,—on their way to the bar—seemed to feel they were boys.
The ladies stood round in open-mouthed wonder,
As if they saw lightning or felt a new thunder:
The fine marble floors: the columns of onyx,
Seemed to look in a manner effete and sardonic,
By the side of the fresh, buoyant animal thrill
Of the youths who were whooping up Life with a will.

Where collegians cluster (footballers, I mean)
There the finest of college girls ever are seen.
Since grand-daughter Eve still is made on the plan,
To admire, not the brain, but the brawn of a man.
(Yes! there are pretences almost levitical,
As to all sorts of matters brainy and critical;
But pretence retreats as women grow older,
Just watch a grave matron admire a young soldier.)
What a maiden will watch from the edge of her eye,
A matron of sense will oft deify.
For instance, how coolly will matrons confess,
Their love for that harem-like garb, Evening Dress;
How bravely and sweetly will they modestly dare
To lay panting, beautiful bosoms half bare,
To electrical gaze or to masculine stare,
While their horrified thoughts would burn and would rankle,
If they knew that a man knew the shape of their ankle.
I am not fond of prudery. Where climates give leave,
I prefer the old costume of Adam and Eve.

Now searching the crowd at its densest and maddest,
We soon spied Athena and round her the gladdest
Prettiest, gayest, jolliest and sweetest
Crowd of young girls ever seen and the neatest.
(While men often narrow in delving for cents,
Modern women have broadened in striving for sense,
But the Race as a whole is on the old fence.)

Approaching the ladies, Apollo and I
Were debating what sort of excuse we should try,
When we were delighted and also struck dumb
By hearing them say that they had just come.
(By the by, I observed that sly Cupid kept mum)
Said one of the prettiest maidens to me,—
"We took your friends out to an afternoon tea.
'Twas the jolliest time that you ever could see.
And everyone there simply had to confess,
They never had seen such a sensible dress:
While their costumes are modest, still somehow they show

Just as much of the figure as they ought to, you know.
In the next month's Maroon they shall have a whole page;
By Spring you will see, they will be all the rage."

Inquiring by what goodly chance or omission,
She came, she replied; "By Miss R—n—ld's permission,
Given of course on the usual condition.
Now isn't Life stranger than fiction and truer;
The minute Miss R— saw Athena she knew her.
Their joy was so perfect it ended in tears,
For, you see they had been correspondents for years.
In regard to this boy, when she came up to greet him,
She said that she never had happened to meet him;
But she gave him her heartiest hand-shake and then
She said that she hoped she would meet him again.
He's an awful nice boy but I can't help but shiver
Whenever I see him reach down in that quiver."

She looked down at Cupid; he looked at the girl,
And merely his look put her heart in a whirl;

For excusing herself, she went over to where
The giants were standing with tousled up hair,
Drinking flattery in—and a wee bit of air.
Mid her mates stood our maiden; and with them she vies
In expressing her praise with a glance of her eyes!
While the young men looked awkward, as much as to say;—
"Now, girls, we have had quite enough for today!"
Of course our own party had followers, too;
For women are fond of whatever is new.
Altogether gin-fizz seemed flying about,
The corridors echoed with shout after shout;
Youth, Joy, and Delight were certainly out.

Here I looked at my watch and I instantly saw,
That we must be leaving the Land of Rah! Rah!
As I told them how much we regretted to go,
They cried in one chorus: "You must come back, you know;
We have really enjoyed your company so!"
As we bade them farewell, to Cupid's annoy,
Each maiden said sweetly,—Good bye, little boy."

Our auto was waiting and leaving the door,
We entered and ran up along the Lake Shore,
Leaving girls far behind us and all the delights
Of the town with its glories and marvellous sights.
Said Apollo half-sadly; "Yes, truly, my friend,
All Joys and Delights and Pleasures must end!"
Up Michigan Avenue; over Rush Street,
We ran like a feather. The hurrying feet
Of people were round us. On every side still
Rose the sounds of the city, insistent and shrill:
Tall buildings,—sky-scrapers,—twelve stories and more
Seemed to rise to the sky, or rather to soar.
But little by little we came into view
Of the residence section, the old and the new.
Mid respectable streets, I vowed he should see,
How convenient and pleasant a city could be.
(Unpleasant things really need never be known,
If people remain within yards of their own.)
It seemed very easy. Yet in halting, alas,

To allow a funeral procession to pass,
A coal wagon blocked us. Its driver had been
Around a saloon and possibly in;
We nearly collided, and then, what a din!
The driver waked up: O how he did bawl,—
"Get out of me way there, and be dammed to yez all!"
Said Apollo, "His language seems very emphatic;
His manners no doubt are the pure democratic.
Why don't you have laws or police to refute
The doings of such a mere chunk of a brute?"
Said I; "Drunk or sober—I do not know which—
One fact he feels sure of—that we are all rich;
And he wants to become what he fancies we are,—
As haughty as sin and as proud as a star,—

So he thinks to uphold Democracy's banners,
By showing the lack of all manhood and manners.
But don't be too hard on the poor devils who
Haven't learned to distinguish the False from the True;

For Wealth very oft is Vulgarity, too.
When the Richest and Poorest are frequently seen
Of a very similar morals and mien,
Why! of course they must suffer who live in between."

20.

'Twas a fine afternoon. The streets were alive,
As turning at last into Sheridan Drive,
Just beyond Lincoln Park, we left the great hive
Of the city behind and blithesome and gay,
Ran merrily, jauntily forth on our way:
But then I remembered and crying out, "O!
We have missed the wonderful animal show,
Which they keep in the Park. Really, you know,
There are African monkeys and Asian chinchillas;
Amazonian parrots and Sumatran gorillas;
Elephants, giraffes and rabbits and oxes;
Coyotes, hyenas; grey wolves and foxes.

Prairie dogs, likewise, you will know from their bark,
If you let me now take you back into the park."

"It were best," said Apollo, "to linger no more,
For we have seen many of these things before."
Thus onward we speeded, the streets growing cleaner,
While the yards round the houses grew larger and greener.
We soon passed a suburb, once forest and field,
But more lately the home of the late 'Gene Field,
Who by many a simple and musical ditty,
Attuned to quaint mirthfulness, also to pity,
Helped develop new tones in this monotone city.
As ever the smoke of the city grew rarer,
So ever the outlook of all things grew fairer:
The edge of Edgewater seemed somehow to lighten
Their features and faces. Their hearts seemed to brighten
At the opening vistas of water and trees,—
Or under the soothing caress of the breeze.
Said Apollo; "Come tell us now. What did you find

When we left you, Athena, at that home of the mind?
Did you take to the students and how did they like you,—
And how did the whole caravanserie strike you?"
"Well, now," said Athena, full slowly and sadly,
"Many young people there would study truth gladly,
But nobody dares to venture such teaching;
The teachers are safer with old fashioned preaching:
Facts only are facts—and they only will mind them,—
When they feel that a dollar or job is behind them.
Though they speak noble words, they don't seem to mean them.
And whenever stern Truth wanders rough shod between them
They have many delicious neat phrases to screen them.
In brief, with some notable, noble exceptions,
Mere dollars decided all their perceptions.
On those in high places most short was my call;
They seemed to be certain they quite knew it all.
I couldn't perceive any roadway to reach them,
Or how to attract their attention to teach them."
"Very sad," said Apollo, "it is much as I thought,

These people learn least who most need to be taught.
Come, Cupid, your story! Now what was your luck?
I hope you maintained your usual pluck."
Sighed Cupid most wryly; "Pluck's all very well;
But my darts have a different story to tell:
Now steel-plated hearts and prosy inventions
Will quietly rout out the best of intentions.
You might as well try to overcome Hades,
As one of these delicate, up-to-date ladies.
I wonder such hearts were ever invented;
You see for yourselves how my arrows are dented.
Yet some were as easy to hit as a sparrow;
They fell at the merest first sight of an arrow.
But they are the kind that I never can care for;
I marvel what that type of maiden is there for."
Apollo then answered as if in reviewing
A subject that we had all been pursuing;—

"The trouble with people is they fail to maintain
A balance between the Body and Brain;
They proceed in rotation upon the dear notion,
Pure Thought is the thing or else pure Emotion;
Too often will people seem heedless or loth,
To own that they need not either but both;
In spite of men's love both for eating and toddy,
'Tis the brain that controls and that molds all the Body.

Yet a critic dissects the world down ever finer,
Until he imagines that he's the designer,—
Or might be at least. His narrowing vision
Excludes Nature's vastness in sheerest derision.
A pond or a puddle is good as the ocean,
When once you have lost all sense of proportion.
Now people with minds formed a la detective,
Oft lose very much of this larger perspective;
They therefore continue to jangle and mumble,
Until all the Universe seems a big jumble.

Whoever would help it must naturally fail,
Since nobody knows the head from the tail:
While everyone's doubtful,—so it is said,—
As to whether there's really any real head."

21

Just here I looked up to Apollo's surprise,
And queried,—"Why is it we cannot be wise?"
"The reason," said he, "I infer is that you
Are a people who won't take the leisure to do
The things that you actually feel to be true.
You are too easy-going. You turn over bothers,
To be settled (or not) by incompetent others."

"Alas, good Apollo," said I with a sigh,
"We sometimes are wrong but wait by and by.
You will see what we rear when we actually try;
When we make every building soar up to the sky,

Who'll deny our achievements are lofty and high?"
Said Apollo;—"In a merely material sense,
You are doing big things and very intense.
(I won't speak of motives,—the why, how and whence.")
Here our Auto stopped short; we sprang from the seat,
And went in a Roadhouse for something to eat.

The clinking of glasses; the laughter and drinking,
With the sight of young girls set Cupid's eyes blinking:
(I didn't dare ask him of what he was thinking.)
Said Apollo;—"This makes my very heart grieve:
Why, their fun is the merest, sheerest making-believe;
It most certainly seems a very great pity
To sacrifice these on the shrine of a City."
Said I; "It is true and there isn't a doubt,
That most of their mothers don't know they are out."
"They are mostly good looking," said he with surprise,
"Except for a certain hard look in the eyes."

As mounting the auto, we went on our way,
Apollo continued, "Friend, why do you slay
Your trees by thus hacking and hewing them down?
Don't you know they're the saviors of Country and Town?"
Said I, "We can't help it even when known;
Private owners can do what they please with their own."
Then Apollo replied, with the scornfullest laugh,—
"Your ancient law-maker must have been a great calf!
What beautifully, childish, ingenuous laws.
Has the Nation no rights then and Nature no cause?
When you were allowing mere mortals to buy
A right to the land—aye, a right to the sky,—
To slaughter great forests whose breathings extend
Far beyond any power of mortals to mend?
Men have dried up the very source of your streams,—
They have practically altered the course of the beams
Which come from the Sun;—and secure in their greed
They laugh when you talk of the national need.

Generations will labor with infinite toil
Attempting to mend what some hundreds despoil;
No state is secure in position or plan,
Where Public rights rest on caprice of a man."

We soon came to Evanston. Here, thank the Lord,
Apollo was forced to admit a good word;—
For the great oaken trees and the squirrels around,
Gaily picking up acorns from off of the ground;
The dignified calmness and rest in the air,
So unlike great Chicago, so strange and so rare,
(If a Critic would speak, he couldn't well dare;)
Apollo gazed round him and finally cried;—
"Why doesn't this place and Chicago divide?
The atmosphere here is all peaceful and quiet;
The smokiness there is all rumble and riot.
What you need is a modified form of air diet."

"Very true," I remarked, "but as for pure knowledge,
This town is an ideal site for a college:

Indeed, as a fact it is worth writing down
A college was here long before any town;
Northwestern may need either two million or ten,
Yet still it turns out some notable men;
While its college for women efficiently vies
With the best things for women under the skies."
Said Apollo, as wider he opened his eyes;—
"There is hope for your problems. I see it by gleams,
Though you all tend to run and to rush to extremes;
You are all right in spots; in spots you are splendid;
But all of your spots must somehow be blended,
Into something that's nearer what Nature intended.
Not big things but true things are what you all need;
The smallest of birds often sow the best seed.
The smallest of colleges, trusting the Light,
Will start any soul on the path that is right."

We now were approaching the town of Wilmette;
Said a man by the road. "It's the same ones, I bet."

To which drawled a comrade in manner sublime,—
"Nixy, Billy, We're beat. But we'll nab 'em next time."
Said Apollo to me; "What fellows are these?"
I answered; "Why, these are some village police,
Who are prowling around for casual fees
From automobilists who hanker to race."
We very soon reached at a moderate pace,
Winnetka, a town of such natural grace,
The Indians called it—The Beautiful Place.
We ran neath the trees and then up a hill,
Which gave to my friends the happiest thrill.
For they started to chatter; they laughed with a will.
The great lake beside us; the blue sky above,
And the clear road before seemed to lure us to rove.
Thus on, ever onward we speeded with glee,—
The gold light of autumn on greenwood and tree:—
Through Glencoe, Ravinia and Highwood we sped,
Then Fort Sheridan's tower arose up ahead.

"Soldiers?" said Apollo, "today—at this time?
There is only one war with a reason or rhyme;
That war is for Freedom. I have heard it maintained
Paid soldiers lose two fights for one they have gained.
Every Nation though brave must needs be afraid,
When War, with its idleness, turns to a trade;
Brass buttons seem pretty. But look at the cost!
Many nations when winning have really lost.
No professional soldier abroad or at home,
Succeeded in saving Imperial Rome."

Then passing the Fort, he said with a sigh:—
"And yet how we honor those men who will die,—
Who will sacrifice all,—for the things they believe.
My plan for an army, by your general leave,
Is to have a small force, so efficient, in hand,
That a war would find each one fit for command.
It doesn't take long to train soldiers for freedom,
If there's really sufficient commanders to lead them."

We meanwhile were running through woodlands that lay,
All quietly brooding neath the light of the day.
An etherial glow was pervading the sky,
Where the lingering sunbeams seemed to quietly lie,
As with musical voices of laughing delight,
They called and kept calling, Goodbye and goodnight!
While dusky, big shadows reached forward and caught them,
And covered them over with the gold leaves of autumn.
For all round about us, now gay and now sober,
Lay the myriad tints of the gracious October.

On reaching Lake Forest, we all seemed to feel,
That we could dispense with the automobile.
Apollo declared they would camp on the bluff:
After resting themselves by walking enough.

So we took to our feet and began strolling down,
To the lake through the lanes of the beautiful town.
We passed Ferry Hall, where one of the joys

Is perfect protection from too many boys.
After reaching and strolling along up the beach,
We came to a spot in accessible reach,
Where a deep, wide ravine with a perfume of pine
Comes down to the lake; I call it all mine,
Since there I have wandered for many long days,
Up and down through its tangles, out of love for its ways.

Apollo here gently spake thus unto me;—
"For your kindness, I'll trust you with this my decree;
(You may publish my words, and after we see
How your neighbors shall take them, I'll write you, my friend,
About my next visit; but that will depend
Upon how my words and their tempers may blend.)

Of warnings, this now is the first that you need:—
Beware, O beware of your in-growing greed;
It brings all the problems that harass and daunt you,
All the evils and terrors that civically haunt you.

Next, beware of all Vanity. Sociable folks
Are those who are lured to wear Vanity's yokes;
For Vanity daily makes many a fool,
And it also makes hundreds of good people cruel.
These things must be all put under the ban,
For they all are the foes of an all rounded man.
Those who rise up in country or college or town
Must cast off the pennyweights dragging them down.
Whoever knows Life as a part or the whole
Must first have a faith in the power of the soul:
Whoever is happy, whether mortal or elf,
Must succeed in forgetting the domain of Self."
I bade them goodbye once more as before;
Then they started out briskly along the lake shore;
I watched as their shadows grew thin and more thin,
Then I turned up the trail toward the Sheridan Inn;
I said to myself as I wandered along;—
"Whether Earth is a discord, a jangle or song,
Depends on the Wisdom that keeps people strong;

Only wholesome true things like these sturdy oak trees
Can live the real lives of the Winds and the Seas.

Well I'll give my good neighbors Apollo's decrees,
To do with the same whatsoever they please.
But as for myself, though in hut or in hollow,
My service henceforth shall be first to Apollo."

Notes.

Note 1, p. 9.

"Leaving the Library and crossing the Square,
Once again we drank in the Lake Michigan air.
Two handsome stone churches were facing across:—"

One of these churches has since been bought by and is now the home of Medinah Temple, Ancient Order of the Mystic Shrine.

Note 2, p. 36.

"On reflecting what further sight-seeing might yield,
I concluded to take him to see Marshall Field," etc.

The description of Marshall Field's retail store at the corner of State and Washington Streets in Chicago and the criticism of its owner were both written while the late Marshall Field was alive and well.

Although no one likes to be placed in the position of criticizing the dead, yet it seems best on the whole to allow what was written in the spirit of truth to remain as originally set down.

The character sketches of the late General Lew Wallace,

Thomas Bailey Aldrich and John Hay, on pages 72, 73 and 74 in Canto II, were likewise all written while those authors were alive and in good health.

Note 3, p. 176.

"Which laws though majestic, dare not e'en today,
After helping despoil, take despoilings away."

Since the above words were written the Standard Oil Company has been fined $29,240,000 by Judge K. M. Landis of Chicago. But the opinion of the average citizen seems to be that the fine will never be collected.

Note 4, p. 200.

"Then I turned up the trail toward the Sheridan Inn."

The Sheridan Inn is situated at Lake Bluff, Ill., about 1¾ miles north of Lake Forest on the edge of what is known as "Ferry's woods."

It was here—in the woods and at the Inn,—that most of this volume was written.

6029 Ellis Ave., Chicago.
Dec. 3, 1907.

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